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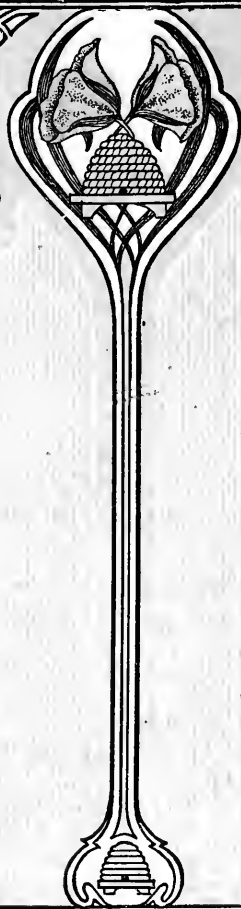
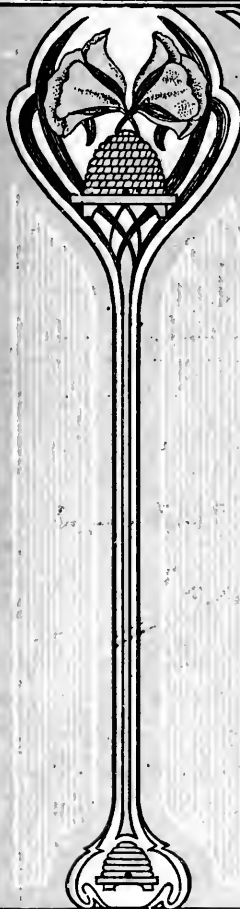
# Improvement Era



Vol. XX

March, 1917

No. 5



Organ of the Priesthood Quorums, the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Associations and the Schools of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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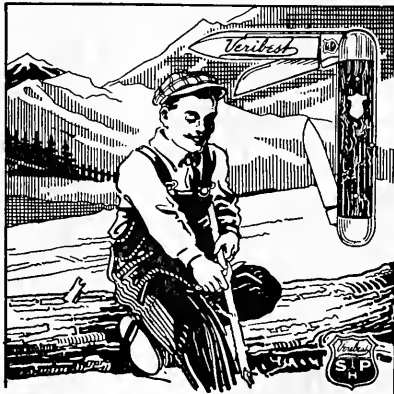
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## The Magic Name

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(To my Mother, September 6, 1916)

There is a simple name, two magic syllables,  
The sesame to fondest memories,  
That takes me back to childhood's fairyland,  
And strikes those chords of sweetest melodies.

Across my fevered brain it flashes fervently;  
When I in heat of life's grim battle fall,  
Or, hungry on life's pathway, drag my heavy cross,  
The magic name, soul-filling, I recall.

Or when Satan leads me to his haughty heights,  
And bids me gaze upon his wealth untold,  
And barter for my spirit soul his mortal realm,  
It pleads with me, "Eternal wealth you hold."

What is this name that takes me back to home again,  
And fills my longing soul with music sweet;  
That warns me ere I leap to worldly misery,  
And cools my brow in life's great battle's heat?

It is the name of her to whom I owe my life,  
Who offered her's to give it to her child,  
But lived to carve upon its life her mem'ry dear,  
The name is *Mother*, loving, gentle, mild.

*Andrew K. Smith.*



STEPHEN L. RICHARDS

*Born June 18, 1879, Mendon, Cache county, Utah; chosen a member of the Council of the Twelve, and ordained an Apostle by President Joseph F. Smith, January 18, 1917 (see Editors' Table).*

# IMPROVEMENT ERA

Vol. XX

MARCH, 1917

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## Soul Culture<sup>\*</sup>

*By Wm. A. Hyde, President of the Pocatello Stake of Zion*

Soul culture is a big topic, especially so when we apply the broad conception of the meaning of the word soul, as that in man which is called physical, and that which is called spiritual, when joined in one. This body, then, and this mind or this spirit, which you please to name it, is the soul of which we shall speak.

Dealing with this subject is made easier by the ready access to illustrations and analogies from other branches of human education, where men are culturists by trade or profession, and especially from that distinct and noble calling, agriculture.

There is a supreme argument for soul culture in these facts: that in the study of plant development, science has enabled man to take inanimate things, that, so far as we know, cannot feel, and certainly cannot express a feeling, and add to their beauty, their strength, their quality or their fragrance. You have made new markings on the lily, new colors in the rose, new fiber to the potato; have robbed the cactus of its weapons, and produced a multitude of apples. Then you have taken inanimate creatures which, while they feel, cannot intelligibly express their feelings, and have added, if not to their intelligence, at least to their beauty, efficiency and value. And if agriculturists have done this with these lower forms of life, certainly that much and more can be done in the development of the highest order of animals, man.

In this culture, young man, I speak not of the education of the schools, for I do not know the first accepted principle of

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<sup>\*</sup>This article was suggested by remarks given by the author before the student body of the Idaho Technical Institute, and is with much appreciation dedicated to that master boy culturist, our genial, spiritual, enthusiastic friend, Oscar A. Kirkham.

pedagogy, but I am to reveal to you secrets of nature, learned from inanimate things; and these secrets, if you wisely follow them, will enable you to take yourself in hand as a Burbank might take you and evolve yourselves into higher types of men.

Come with me to the potato field, let us smell the moist earth awhile. When this tuber is to be improved, the most perfect example of its kind is found. It must be subjected to examination, and its defects noted, and the step we are to take in its culture, must remove these defects wholly or in part, and the type be thus advanced. There must be a close analysis of the plant, and nothing is surer, young man, than that this must be done in your case, before you may proceed. No one can so well make this analysis as yourself, for if you are honest, none will know yourself so well as you. Happy the man who can sit apart from himself as would a double, and see himself. Would we could do as Strickland W. Gililan so originally says:

*Watch Yourself Go By*

Just stand aside and watch yourself go by;  
Think of yourself as "he" instead of "I."  
Pick flaws; find fault; forget the man is you,  
And strive to make your estimate ring true.  
Confront yourself and look you in the eye—  
Just stand aside and watch yourself go by.  
Interpret all your motives just as though  
You looked on one whose aims you did not know;  
Let undisguised contempt surge through you when  
You see you shirk, O commonest of men!  
Despise your cowardice; condemn whate'er  
You note of falseness in you anywhere.  
Defend not one defect that shames your eye—  
Just stand aside and watch yourself go by.

So when the time for this examination comes, I beseech you for the purpose, to sit in the humility of sackcloth and ashes, and question your traits as they stand in array before you. No egotist can analyze himself. "Seest thou a man wise in his own conceit, there is more hope for a fool than for him." If he were not made perfect, he can never become so. Be honest, then, steel your heart to bear some shame, and when you come from the judgment chamber, your traits will be known in their true relation to your soul.

In the beginning, grant this, which I have not proved, that the basis of a great soul is courage. Let this be the foundation of the character you are analyzing. Thus we proceed:

*Have you been courageous?* Answer, my heart. And from that place within me, where sits my conscience—that arbiter of my life, whose one hand clasps the Infinite, and the other lays

hold upon mortality—comes the answer: "I have not always faced the front with steady hand and eye. I have appeared to myself small in the presence of men no larger than I. I have not strength to meet extremes of heat and cold, love and hate. I am timid, as if each hour I faced a criticism. I am self-conscious, when my eyes should be upon the world." The judgment: "You are no more than 60 per cent of what a strong man ought to be.

*Have you been honest?* Answer, soul. And from the heart comes the reply: "with my butcher and grocer, yes; with myself, no. A gift I made to charity was mere advertising. I find that but few right motives have underlain my acts. I permit the wrong conception to be made of things that I have said. By silence I have committed falsehood." I blush to write down 50 per cent—half honest.

*Are you pure minded?* Answer, my soul. And the heart makes reply: "My lips have sometimes been soiled from within. I have smiled at a coarse jest. I have looked with pleasure upon improper things. I fear that my soul is stained." In shame I write down the judgment. Purity, 40 per cent.

*Have you love?* Answer, my soul. And the heart gives answer: "I love my kin, I love my close chums, and less deeply my friends, but as to that broad passion which includes humanity, I have it not—I cannot feel deeply for them." Judgment: My hunting dog loves as broadly as you. In the prime element of the soul, you are but 50 per cent.

*Are you genial and optimistic?* The answer comes: "I do not radiate—I am not warm toward men. I smile feebly and laugh never. The world looks dark to me, and I see in it little hope for mankind." Then have you not found the sweet spring of life, thou pessimist; 40 per cent of what you might be of joy to yourself and others.

*Modesty, stand forth. How fare you?* The heart answers: "I love the gaud and tinsel. My soul delights in my bright colored slippers, and in the embroidered pansies of my hose. I have forgotten the homespun of my grandfather, and he would blush if he saw my trowsers." In modesty you are but 40 per cent.

So these, and a score of others of my soul's retainers, I call up one by one and judge them just as the culturist rates the markings on the plumage of a fowl, or the form and color of a peach or plum.

And, now, Burbank, when you have estimated your plant, what do you do? Spread on more fertilizer only? Turn on more water only? No; there is a mating, and a crossing, and a forming, and by the subtle secrets you have not revealed to me,

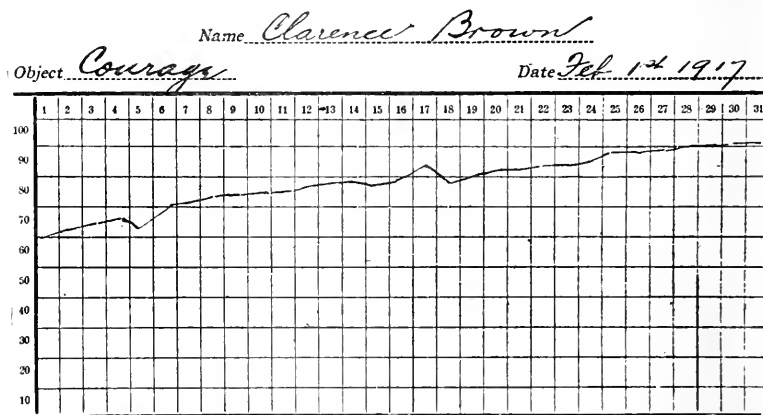
you take from earth, and air, and sun, from fellow plant and pollen, and you bring an improved plant-being into the world. So now, my Soul, I have done with generalization—I have **done** with dreaming. I have weighed you. I have scaled you, and you are to be hammered and built anew. Here is the judgment, read it as you sit in the dust:

Courage 60 per cent.  
 Honesty 50 per cent.  
 Purity 40 per cent.  
 Love 50 per cent.  
 Hopefulness 40 per cent.  
 Modesty 40 per cent.

You are not half a man. Now, this very day I must begin to build up my weak places. I am engaged in battle, but not behind ramparts and ditches, for this is no trench warfare.

*Courage*, in the campaign this month, you are upon the firing line. Gird up your loins, we must meet the world this day as a man ought. What man was created better than you? Were you not made the equal, under the law, of every other man? Have you not royalty within you? Who has better right of kingship? So, today, my soul meets its fellowman with unflinching eye; suffers disappointments and pain at night, upon the battlefield, as I doff my armor, I am a happy man for I have warred and conquered, and thus I climb.

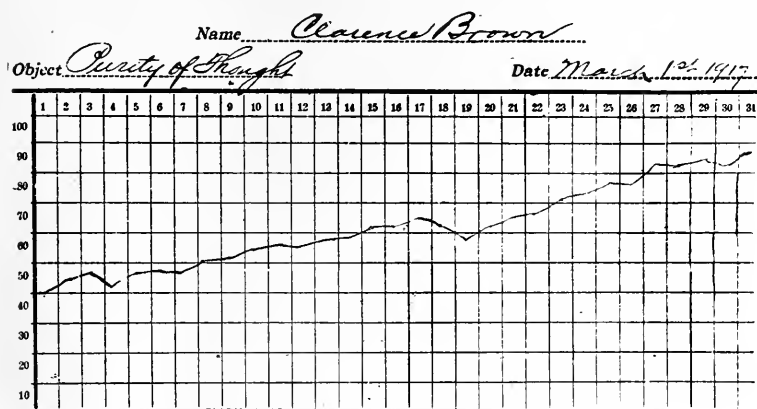
Today a victory, tomorrow a temporary repulse, but day after day, through the month and year, ever faring upward.



Here is the judgment, 40 per cent purity! Come, my soul, we go forth to battle today. *Courage* has taught me that I must not mask my eyes, I must see. I cannot stop my ears, I must



hear. Today I look up, I see the tree tops, the hills, and God's expanse of blue. I hear voices I never heard before. If oath or vulgarity come to me, they sadden me, and I shudder. A little child pleases me, for it is pure. I pity the painted woman and look at her with changed eyes. When I come to my tent at night, the light within my heart is glowing. There is a fire upon the altar in the Holy of Holies. Voices in my heart are singing. Tomorrow I may fail, but the next day I remember my former victory and mount again, and so on and up I climb invisible stairs:



This is the judgment—50 per cent—half-and-half *honest*! Come, my soul, we will be true today. The butcher and the grocer have long since been paid, now let me have a noble equity and justice within me. Today, let me sit in the other man's seat, that I may get values from his viewpoint. Today let motive and act be mother and son with me, and every good act of noble parentage. No dissimulation—no half-truths, let me be what I am at my best in humility and without parade. I come to my tent at night, humbled but victor, so on and up, mounting here, lapsing there, but ever rising, until I would dare to lay open the inner chamber of mind and heart before all men.

Come, you *pessimist*, 40 per cent strong. We go out to conquer today. 'Tis cloudy, but the sun will shine at noon. God holds the curtains of clouds and sorrows in his hands, and he will roll them up. No good act ever was lost. Hope and Faith must rule as they have ever ruled. "Good morning, friend, you're looking well today!" I spend a moment longer than usual with this fellowman. There's time to have a joke and laugh to temper this cloudiness. This town is good, our state the best, this is God's country. I stroke an inquiring dog, and children see and follow me. Men turn their hearts my way, for I

have radiated. In my tent at night I dream of the glories of the morrow.

*Frivolity* stands before me condemned. Come, my soul, let us meet the world today gravely and soberly—and I gird myself to meet men as I never met them before. I see in the grave eyes of public men, the burdens borne by giants, for they are bearing Atlas loads upon their shoulders. I see a heroine in the bent form of a washerwoman. The sad face of a newsboy enralls me. This life is serious, earnest, in every moment of it a battle is fought. The groans of the wounded it has never been my high privilege to hear before; in my heart, I wish that I might have some pain, and the very thought ennoble me. In sympathy with my brother man, today I have become co-partner with our common Father. I return to my tent at night chastened. By the end of the month I could be ready for martyrdom if the need appear.

*Modesty*, let us see the world today in better guise! My soul vows to live the law. I am abashed that I should dare to enter into competition with the beauties of Nature. This mountain side, with its Autumn leaves, this brook with its pebbles, are far more beautiful than I, with all my finery. This girl, with flying limbs and tangled hair, animate, quickened nature, has made me envious. My heart approves and says: the only beauty is that of Nature, for art is only art as it is governed by her laws. I shall be a better man henceforth, for I have found the source of beauty.

And one by one I marshal these and a score of other powers singly, and discipline them by the stern hand of truth. Set over against humanity are high types, just as the agriculturist has his perfect types of beast or vegetable. I do not forget that as the type of grain is perfected, the seed selected lies buried in the warm earth twelve days, that it lives out its grassy youth seventy days, that it grows golden through the Summer's heat twenty days, and that only in nature's evening, the ripening Autumn, I see what my work has done. So now, my soul, I shall have the patience that is given to the seed while I guide and mould and form you. There will be hours of waiting, days of disappointment, but I have learned from the quiet plant the lesson of time.

This great hope ever lies before me, as the greatest goal for which man ever struggled, that some day I shall marshal my powers, not singly, but in companies! And if a man by courage alone shall walk the street, and men for that one quality respect him; if by optimism alone, he draw men to him; if, for his honesty alone, men seek and trust him, and put their fortunes in his hand; if, for his purity, he become a protector; if, for his

modesty, he become a model; what may I not do, O my soul, when these forces are arrayed and sent forth together to conquer! Like the inspired man of old said: I have added to my "faith virtue; and to virtue knowledge; and to knowledge temperance; and to temperance patience; and to patience godliness; and to godliness brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness charity," and if these things be in me and abound, I shall not be barren nor unfruitful. Against the vices and weaknesses of the world they shall be as a Spartan phalanx, with a thousand keen spear points breast high. Of such powers as these are the world's great heroes made.

Now, my soul, let me put upon you the master touch. Let me give you the lily's markings and the rose's fragrance. Let me learn to love. Though I be a giant now in latent powers, let me bow my head to receive the consecration. *There is but one high activity of the soul, and that is service; but one ultimate motive, and that is love.* These powers that you have acquired will fail you if you have not that. These little traits which form your character, are but the ministers of state which wait in humble mien upon the ruler of your destiny. Without service and love, you cannot be a Lincoln, nor a Paul; with them, it is within you to be more than either.

Pocatello, Idaho

Note. The cards shown in this article were taken from the *Youth's Companion*, about 15 years ago.

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## Resurrection

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Now the seeds below are sleeping,  
 In their snow-bound tomb they lie,  
 But, how soon they'll come a'peeping,  
 Paragons of bloom espy.

Behold the Winter shroud is lifted,  
 Nature's face no longer white,  
 (Birds with sweetest song are gifted)  
 Oh, how beauteous is the sight!

Awake! The clarion trump is sounding,  
 Newer energies apply.  
 Labor's fruits will be abounding,  
 For a fuller life is nigh!

Aubrey Parker.

# The Kingdom of Little Children

*By Myrtle Young*

"There! it is done, and I call it perfect," said Wallace Marden, and, stepping back, he surveyed his work. "Tomorrow the sculptors and critics shall see it. They will pronounce it a masterpiece and then, ah, then I shall be famous."

The door of the studio opened and a little bent man came in. He might have been any age from sixty to seventy-five. He seemed as frail as the reed that bows before the gentlest wind. His hair was white as the fleecy clouds that float high up in the summer sky, and his eyes—great and dark they were, and filled with the light of understanding and of peace.

For almost twenty years John Parker had lived at the "Artist's Club House," as a sort of dependent. He served everyone and looked after everything, receiving as compensation the use of a small apartment in the rear of the building and a sum of money that barely covered his needs. Old John as he was affectionately called, took a fatherly interest in every member of the club and especially did he care for the younger men. He sorrowed with them in failure, and rejoiced with them in success. He knew that Marden had worked for months from early morning till long after dark on this piece of sculpture. He knew that the man's strength was failing and had often cautioned him against working such long and strenuous days but his advice had been unheeded.

Tonight he noticed a change in Wallace. The dogged, determined expression was gone and in its place was one of radiant joy.

"It is late, Mr. Marden," he said. "Shall I light the gas?"

"Yes, and turn it high. Then, come here and you shall see what it is that has kept me working here night and day for so long. It is finished, John, finished! There, the light makes it better. Well, what do you say? Will it not surpass anything that has been turned out in years?"

Old John gazed in astonishment and admiration. At last he said slowly, "It is wonderful—wonderful. You have almost breathed life into the stone. Ah, my son, what talent you have! You have indeed been greatly blessed."

"Blessed?" exclaimed the sculptor, "blessed? Yes, that is

just what they will say. I tell you it is not blessing that has done this—it is work."

"But have you not been blessed with ability to work?"

"I had no choice," Wallace went on hurriedly. "It was work or starve and naturally I did not choose to starve. I, and I alone, have made me what I am. If God had anything to do with this, why did he plant an insane love for beauty and an uncontrollable desire to reproduce it, in the mind of a child who must be reared in poverty? And why, my friend, did he not cause some one to recognize the talent that was within?"

"I spent five years as a servant in the home of a great sculptor. I worshiped the skilled hand that used the chisel so deftly. Like a thief I stole into the studio and feasted upon his books in the night. He laughed when I made a crude attempt to ape his work but he never offered to teach me."

"But surely some one taught you," interrupted the old man.

"The things I had read filled me with a desire to see the great masterpieces of sculpture. I stowed away on a ship bound for the Old World and when found was forced to work like a slave to pay for my passage, but it was worth while. I had saved a little money and used it for lessons. When that was gone I worked at anything from selling books to loading freight at the wharfs. At last there came the day when the great master told me that he could teach me no more."

He paused for a moment. Old John stood looking at him in amazement not knowing what to say.

"When I came back to America, the artists and sculptors offered me the hand of fellowship and I came here that I might be among them. A few of them who never have turned out anything worth while have been very patronizing to me but when they see this—"

Unconsciously he had raised his voice until now it was almost an exultant cry,—

"When they see this," he repeated, "they will say—ah, they will say as you did," and the bitterness of disappointment came into his tone, "He has been greatly blessed."

"And so you have." There was a calmness in voice that soothed the younger man and he listened, "Whatever you are you owe it to Him, for he has blessed you with health and strength, with great talents, and with an iron will. But after all what is this work of yours? It is far surpassed by the glory of the smallest thing in God's creation which you can but copy in material which is decidedly inferior to his."

Walking over to the open window, he reached out and in material which is decidedly inferior to his."

"See," he continued, "you can not make even a little leaf

like this nor can you comprehend its intricate structure. It is far more wonderful than your statue."

An impatient gesture stopped him.

"You're tired, Mr. Marden. Pardon me for wearying you. I'll bring your coat. It is time you were home."

Old John left the room. Wallace stood staring as if in a trance. He stooped and with trembling fingers, picked up the leaf that had fallen to the floor.

"Ah, Old John, what a philosopher you are!" he murmured. "A little leaf like this. How simple and yet how intricate! How wonderful is its coloring and its construction! My friend, you almost take me back to the kingdom in which I believed when a little child."

John returned with the coat and while Wallace was slipping into it, he remarked, "I wish I could make you see this as I do. I wish I could lead you back into the fold of the Great Shepherd. Surely some time in your life you believed?"

"It's no use, John," Marden answered, but there was a kindness in his voice that surprised him. "Yes, I did believe when a child but my faith in God faded soon after my belief in fairies crumbled. After all it is but a fairy tale—a beautiful story but one that is hardly plausible to the highly developed mind. The kingdom of heaven is but a kingdom for little children."

"And O, the joy of knowing that one is like a little child and can enter therein," replied Old John softly.

"Once I almost believed again," Wallace resumed, and for a moment it seemed that he had forgotten the other man's presence. "But even she could not bring me back; and I loved her!"

"You loved her?" John Parker's voice was eager.

"Why, yes; I was in love once. It seems strange, doesn't it? But sometime in his life every man meets a woman who makes him dream of her, a home, and babes. I once had those glorious dreams but—well I decided that nothing should interfere with my ambition, so I, well I didn't marry her."

Turning he caught sight of the clock on the mantel-piece, "How late it is! Good-night, John."

The door closed behind him. Old John stood staring after him.

"So he loved her," he said to himself. "Poor little girl! How happy she could have made him."

Wallace hurried to his hotel, hastily ate his evening meal, and then retired to his room. Sinking into an easy chair, he picked up the evening paper and tried to read, but no matter where he looked, his eyes saw the same picture, a slight little woman with sunny brown hair and eyes as deep as the violet.

Three years ago he had had a nervous break-down and the doctors had ordered him to the country. It was here that he had met and loved La Rue Woods. As he sat here tonight his thoughts raced back to the happy days he had spent wandering through the fields and over the hills with her. He recalled the day when, after they had searched in vain for violets La Rue had said that perhaps the fairies had gathered them all. And because he loved to see her in this mood of make-believe, he had played fairies, too. Then there came to his mind the day toward the end of his vacation, when La Rue's mother had been called into the great beyond. The girl had found comfort in her belief in God. She had told him how she looked forward to the day when she, her life's mission ended, might join her mother. Because it brought consolation to her, he had feigned that he, too, had faith in the divine Creator and had found himself on his return to his work, almost believing as she did.

For a long time he sat there in a reverie of the past. His head began to nod, gradually it sank lower and lower, and then he was fast asleep.

How long he slept, he did not know. He was awakened by a great tumult in the street below. Vehicles of every kind seemed to be rushing by, people were shouting as if they were mad. And above it all came distinctly the warning clang! clang! of the fire department. Stepping to the window he looked out at the excited throng.

"A fire somewhere," he remarked without emotion.

There came a quick, loud knock at the door and a voice tense with excitement cried, "Mr. Marden, it's the 'Artist's Club House!' It's—"

The door was flung open and Marden, hatless and coatless, rushed past him and down the stairs. He had hardly reached the street when a cab drew up.

"Artist's Club! Rush!" he cried as he sprang into it.

The driver responded eagerly and yet it seemed to the anxious man inside that hours passed before they came to the burning building. It was worse than he had expected. Huge clouds of smoke rolled steadily upward. Great tongues of fire leaped out from the windows. The front arch had caved in, the hall was almost entirely ablaze, but the stairs still remained. Little trails of smoke were rising from them and over them the blaze threw a livid red glare.

All this Wallace saw in an instant. His brain was whirling, but one thing was clear to him. Up those red stairs, two doors to the right was his statue, the dream and the work of years—he must save it.

A moment later a breathless silence fell upon the crowd

that had gathered. They stood spellbound, unable to speak or to cry out. A man was climbing the stairs. John Parker was the first to break the silence.

"It's Marden!" he shouted; "he's going to his studio. Quick, put the ladder to this window! I'll go up!"

"No, no, John," a strong fireman held him back; "that is my place. You couldn't bring him out."

Eagerly the crowd watched him climb the ladder and crawl into the window. The minutes dragged slowly by. It seemed like an eternity before he appeared at the window, and the prostrate form of Wallace Marden was lifted out and carried to safety. Some one shouted for a doctor and two came out of the crowd to examine the injured man.

"Is he—he isn't dead?" John's voice trembled as he asked the question.

"No, merely overcome," one of them answered. "He's quite badly burned, too. Another few minutes would have finished him. We'll rush him to the hospital where we can give him proper attention."

Two days later Wallace realized that he was lying in bed in a dark room. There came to him an indistinct murmur of voices, among which he thought he could distinguish that of John Parker.

"John," he called softly.

"Yes, yes," he was now sure it was John. "You are feeling better, aren't you?"

"O, yes, I'm all right," he answered. "But it is so dark in here. I can't—"

Painfully he raised his hand to his eyes. They were tightly bandaged. He wondered why, and then like a flash it all came back to him. He remembered his statue, the fire, the red glow on the stairs. He remembered reaching the studio door but farther than that he could recall nothing.

"Where am I? What am I doing here?" he demanded.

"You're in the hospital." It was the doctor who spoke. "You came very near being in the other world. If you don't mind we'll have a look at those eyes."

Wallace waited patiently till the bandages were removed and then opened his eyes. He saw nothing. A terrible fear clutched him. He felt almost that his blood froze and his heart stopped beating. Raising his sightless eyes toward heaven, in the agony of despair, he breathed the first prayer that had passed his lips in years—"God help me! I am blind."

Old John took the hand that had fallen limply on the covers and in a choked voice he whispered, "My boy, my boy."

"Don't, John. It wouldn't seem so bad but the fire has



taken all I hold dear except the girl for whom I would find no place in my life. Leave me and let me think, and John, I wonder—do you think—a—a will you pray for me?”

“Yes, my son, I will, and God in his mercy will hear. The blindness has left your soul and now affects your body, but of the two, it were far better that the soul should see the light.”

One week later John Parker and a young girl with sunny brown hair and eyes that seemed to have borrowed their color from the violet, stood in the corridor of the hospital and waited to be admitted into Wallace Marden’s room.

“O, Uncle John,” exclaimed the girl. “How could you keep from telling him that you saved his statue first of all? It seems cruel not to give him that much comfort, at least.”

“There, there, girlie, don’t you scold me. I didn’t tell him because I wanted you to have that honor.”

“Do you think he will be very much surprised when he knows I am here?”

“Surprised? Well, you just wait and see.”

“Mr. Marden will see you, Mr. Parker,” the nurse announced.

“Go on, honey, go right in,” whispered Old John. “I’ll come after awhile.”

With unfaltering footsteps she walked over to the big chair in which Wallace was reclining. As she looked at him the tears came into her eyes but she brushed them hastily away. “Wallace,” she called softly.

He turned his head quickly. There was a puzzled, doubtful look on his face. He reached out his hands to her.

“Why it is—O no, it can’t be you, La Rue?” he cried.

“Yes, it is I,” she answered as she took his hands in hers.

Quickly he withdrew them and the expression of pleasure faded from his face as he asked abruptly, almost angrily, “Who told you I was here? Why did you come?”

She sat down on the arm of his chair and slipped her arm around his neck.

“No—no,” he protested, but she did not heed him.

“Uncle John wrote and told me all about you.”

“Uncle John?” he queried.

“Yes. You didn’t know it, but John Parker is my mother’s adopted brother. He sent for me and I came just as any good fairy god-mother would come. In fairy tales they always come to grant a wish or to bring a message and then they go away again, but I am bringing you two messages and I’m going to stay because—you need me.”

“But it is folly, La Rue. Just these few moments with you

is going to make it harder for me to bear my burden. You can't stay."

"I'm going to talk," she went on, "and you're going to listen. If you have anything to say, you must wait till I am through. Once you crushed me out of your life because you wanted fame and feared that a wife might interfere with your achieving it. You told me that you loved me and you made me confess that I loved you, but did not ask me to become your wife. You did not need me then but now you can't get along without someone, and I want to stay. May I?"

He caressed her hand but his lips shaped no answer.

"Of course, if you don't love me or—"

"It isn't that," he interrupted; "I do love you, little girl, more than I can tell you, and more than you will ever know, but I can't ask you to become my wife now."

There was a sob in her voice as she answered bravely, "Wallace, I'm asking you."

His arms went around her and drawing her close to him, he whispered, "You may stay."

"And now for my message. I can't wait another minute to tell you. The first is that your statue was not destroyed in the fire. Uncle John saved it. Yesterday he showed it to some of your friends and they say it will make you famous."

"Do you mean it?" "Can it be true?" he asked breathlessly.

"It is true," she continued, "but the second message is still better. This morning when Dr. Andrews came to dress your eyes he brought another man with him. Dr. Brooks."

"Yes, yes. They say that it is a rather peculiar case and all the doctors are anxious to study it."

"But this Dr. Brooks is a wonderful eye specialist. He is one of Uncle John's oldest friends and he says that he is almost sure he can restore your sight, at least partially."

The man's frame was trembling and it was some moments before he could speak. In his voice awe, reverence, and thankfulness were mingled as he said:

"How greatly God has blessed me. I denied his very existence until a short time ago, but since I have been here I have had time to think, and I marvel that I failed to see his hand in everything. Every flower, leaf, or blade of grass, every bird, every brook, every stone proclaims his love and handiwork, if we will but see aright."

For a long time they sat there in silence. Words failed to express the joy that each one felt. Old John entered unobserved and was just going to tip-toe out when Wallace said: "Oh, little girl, if my sight is restored what wonderful, wonderful things I shall carve with the aid of God's blessing and your

inspiration; but if it is not—" His voice became choked and he stopped.

"And if it is not restored," the calmness of resignation filled Wallace Marden's soul as Old John spoke, "you will go on together and you will place your hand in hers and she will lead you back to the kingdom of little children."

*Ogden, Utah*

## The Hidden Spring

It is reported that within the vaults of the Historical Museum, in Dresden, Germany, there are many curious and costly trinkets. A visitor writes: "We saw an egg which was sent as a present to a Saxon Princess long ago. It was an iron egg. Long did she keep it without knowing its value or the purpose for which it was sent. One day in handling it she touched a spring, and the egg opened and revealed a golden yolk. Time rolled on, and a spring was discovered in the yolk, and that opened and out dropped a jeweled chicken. By some concealed spring the chicken opened, and a ruby crown, all studded with jewels, fell out. This also opened, and a diamond ring was laid up within. This trifling thing must have cost thousands of dollars, and years of labor and skill."

There are rare gems of truth that lie concealed,  
 Wrapt in the deep of every human heart,  
 Kept in reserve: by utmost toil revealed  
 When with a shining luster they upstart.  
 Deem not the iron rind of circumstance  
 A certain index where all fortunes cling,  
 Could'st thou but view the choice luxuriance  
 Won by thy will. Ring out, ye triumphs, ring!  
 Wilt name the power to thus unbind? A hidden spring!

Who hath not seen within e'en meanest bounds  
 The gleam of chances that may serve us well?  
 With sure reward adversity redounds  
 With equal grace our every grief to quell.  
 What fadeless gain the subtle spring may hold!  
 But do not deem the price extravagance,  
 E'en though the "precious ointment" could "be sold."  
 Oh, count not gifts divine so small as measured gold!

Lo! View the scene of progress here and now!  
 Truth's light, unerring, guides the struggling soul;  
 With cleanest lips step forth and make thy vow,  
 With strong humility press toward the goal.  
 May pure conviction touch the "inward spring."  
 May Inspiration find the gems of worth.  
 List! The rejoicing angel voices sing,  
 A saving-glory smileth o'er the earth,  
 O life, to Peace and God attuned! Hail glad rebirth!

*Minnie Iverson.*



These are the scouts who led General Pershing's expedition through the mountains, and across the deserts of Mexico. Reading from left to right, they are, standing, Dave Brown, Ben Fox, Esaias Haynie, Ira Pratt, Heaton Lunt. Seated, Louie Jorgensen, Will Curtis.

## On Villa's Trail in Mexico

*By Hon. Anthony W. Ivins*

### IV

After a brief rest at Dublan, the expedition, consisting of cavalry and infantry, passed on to the Galeana Valley, they took up Villa's trail and the pursuit was on in earnest.

The direct command of the various detachments was given to Maj. Howze, Maj. Tompkins, Col. Dodd, Col. Brown, Col. Allen and other minor officers. It was indispensable that men be found who were familiar with the country through which the pursuing columns were to pass, who were acquainted with the language of the people, and willing to serve as scouts. They must be brave men, for it was their duty to ride before the troops, where they were more exposed to danger than those who followed after. Such men were readily found and enlisted.

When the advance columns reached El Valle, 63 miles South of Dublan, it was discovered that Villa had entered the town several days before, had called the people together and made a speech in which he announced that the Americans were on his

trail, that they would probably reach that point the following day, and calling on all loyal Mexicans to join him and drive the hated invaders from the country. When no one volunteered, he stood the men in a line, dismissed those whom he thought unfit for service, and took the remainder with him as prisoners of war. He then hurried on to the Indian town of Guerrero (Warrior) in the Sierra Madre mountains, which has always been a storm centre in time of revolution.

As they neared the town, Villa declared it to be his intention to attack the small garrison of Carranza soldiers which was quartered there, and arms were placed in the hands of the El Valle men that they might participate in the battle. According to the story told by one of these men, they consulted together and decided to kill Villa if possible and desert to



Villa, too, has his scouts, this is one of them.

the Carranza garrison. While the battle was in progress, Villa and his staff started to run forward to encourage their troops, who were about to yield, when he was fired upon by one of the El Valle men and wounded in the leg; the bullet, entering just below the knee and ranging downward, came out near the shin bone. Just at this moment the Carranza troops withdrew, so the prisoners could only remain with Villa under pretense of loyalty. The day after this battle, hearing that the Americans were at Namiquipa, Villa was placed in a wagon; and, taking about 150 men with him, and leaving the remainder of his force at Guerrero, under command of General Beltran, started for Parral. The man who drove the wagon says that the wound in Villa's leg became very serious, the pain being so intense that the bandit chief was placed on a litter which was made and carried on the shoulders of men.

Col. Dodd, with a detachment of the thirteenth cavalry,

reached Guerrero soon after Villa had left, and after a brisk fight, in which a number of Mexicans were killed and others made prisoners, and four American troopers wounded, took the town and scattered Beltran's army which fled to the mountains in small bands. Hearing that Beltran and a part of his followers were camped at a place called Canyon Durazno (Peach Tree canyon) General Pershing ordered Maj. Howze and his command to proceed to that point and attack him. A night march of ten miles was made, over a very rough country, but when the camp was reached the bandits had fled, leaving their



In the narrow streets of Cu-si-hu-i-ri-a-chic, three hundred miles south of the border. Every house is a veritable fortress, and these American troops would be at great disadvantage if attacked. It was in such a place that the Parral battle began.

camp fires still burning. Fleeing from Maj. Howze the Mexicans ran into a detachment of Col. Brown's command, at a place called Ojo Caliente (Hot Springs) and in a running fight which ensued several bandits were killed.

The troops had now been absent from their base of supplies so long that in some instances they had only parched corn and beef to eat, and their clothing was torn to shreds, but at San Geronimo a junction was formed with the main command under General Pershing, and after replenishing his commissary Maj. Howze pressed on south, while the other detachment went on in an easterly and south-easterly direction. On April 2nd. Maj. Howze entered the mining town of Cu-si-hu-i-ri-a-chic, near Santa Isabel, where Villistas had a short time before killed eighteen American mining men. Here he learned that Maj. Tompkins and Col. Brown were ahead of him, on Villa's trail,

which led toward Parral. The following day the command passed the Cienaguita (Little Meadow) ranch where a band of bandits had just before killed the owner and wounded his wife. Farther on, at a little town called San Borja, he learned that Villa had been there a few days before and that the main forces of Villistas had turned east toward Santa Rosalia, while Villa, with a small detachment had gone on south into the mountains. Following on, Maj. Howze passed one after another of Villa's camping places, covering as much ground in one day as the bandit had covered in three.

Hurrying on, the command reached the Conchas (Shells) River, and as they passed over a high ridge looked down on the little town of La Joya (The Jewel). As they came in sight of the town the Americans observed that the people were running from all directions toward the church, and that a small body of mounted men rode slowly from the church out into the hills to the south. When the Americans reached the town it was almost deserted, the people having taken refuge in the hills. To the south there was a high ridge along the top of which people were collecting, while several horsemen rode back and forth among them evidently giving orders. One man was conspicuous because of his fine mount, his peculiar dress, and the fact that he appeared to be giving directions to the others. There occurred, at this time, an incident which illustrates the reckless daring of the American soldier.

Lieut. Graham, asking a trooper to lend him his rifle, dismounted and skirting the base of the ridge until he was out of



Officers of Maj. Howze command resting after a hard ride on Villa's trail. The man standing in the centre background is Lieut. Graham, who killed the two bandits at La Joya.

sight climbed rapidly to the top. Concealing himself in some undergrowth, he waited until the Mexican officer and his orderly had approached to within thirty yards, when he stepped out in the open and demanded that they surrender. Instead, the two men turned their horses and plunging the spurs into their sides dashed up the ridge. Graham fired four shots in quick succession, and both men fell from their horses, three shots had taken effect in the back of the officer, and one in his orderly. The officer was Captain Manuel Silvas, who had participated in the Columbus raid, the other man was a private.

The Americans learned that Villa was among the horsemen who rode out from the church. He could never have escaped had the troopers known this, but their orders had been to fire upon no one unless attacked, or known to be in contact with Villistas, consequently the man they so much desired to apprehend again gave them the slip.

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## Hope

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Is then thy heart o'erburdened with dull sorrow?

O, foolish heart, to sink beneath the pain!

After the night comes in the smiling morrow.

Look! O'er the hills, the sun rides forth again.

Season of joy, and season of despairing,

Shadow and shine we meet along our way;

And still the old green earth rolls onward, bearing

Our faltering hopes towards the perfect day.

And still the more should we who know the fulness

Of the true Gospel, watch with patient eyes;

Climbing the steeps with feet that never falter,

Sending our hymns of hope toward the skies;

Knowing full well that in the glorious dawning

That soon shall come, all earth shall ring with praise,

And Love shall reign, and harmony and gladness,

And holy peace be ours through endless days.

*Hettie Geldard.*

*Bradford, England*



# Original Sin and Preexistence\*

By Elder James E. Talmage

*Are all to Suffer from Original Sin Eternally?*

*We believe that men will be punished for their own sins, and not for Adam's transgression.*

Belief in original sin, and its dread incubus as a burden from which none can escape, has for ages cast its depressing shadow over the human heart and mind. Accepting as fact the account outlined in Genesis concerning the transgression of the parents of the race, every thoughtful reader must have wondered as to whether he is to suffer throughout this life and beyond for a deed in which he had no part, and for which, according to his natural conception of justice and right, he was not even indirectly responsible. If he assumes an affirmative answer to his honest query, he must have stood aghast at the seeming injustice of it all.

The Scriptures proclaim in definite terms the fact of individual responsibility, and as an indispensable consequence, the Free Agency of Man. Freedom to choose or reject and accountability for the choice go hand in hand. The word of Divine revelation made the matter plain very early in the history of human-kind. To evil-hearted Cain the Lord said: "*If thou doest well, shalt thou not be accepted? And if thou doest not well, sin lieth at the door*" (Gen. 4:7).

A knowledge of good and evil is essential to progress, and the school of experience in mortality has been provided for the acquirement of such knowledge. The Divine purpose was thus enunciated by an ancient Hebrew prophet:

"Wherefore, the Lord God gave unto man that he should act for himself. Wherefore man could not act for himself, save it should be that he was enticed by the one or the other. \* \* \* Wherefore, men are free according to the flesh; and all things are given them which are expedient unto man. And they are free to choose liberty and eternal life, through the great mediation of all men, or to choose captivity and death, according to the captivity and power of the devil; for he seeketh that all men might be miserable like unto himself" (Book of Mormon, 2 Nephi 2:16 and 27.)

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\*Articles of this class are appearing in a number of leading daily papers of the Nation. Readers of the *Era* will appreciate these selections.—Editors.

And a later prophet voiced the eternal truth as addressed to his wayward fellows:

"And now remember, remember, my brethren, that whosoever perisheth, perisheth unto himself; and whosoever doeth iniquity, doeth it unto himself; for behold, ye are free; ye are permitted to act for yourselves; for behold, God hath given unto you a knowledge, and he hath made you free; He hath given unto you that ye might know good from evil, and he hath given unto you that ye might choose life or death" (Book of Mormon, Helaman 14:30, 31).

But, many have asked how can man be regarded as free to choose right or wrong when he is predisposed to evil through the heritage of original sin bequeathed to him by Adam? Heredity at most is but a tendency, not compulsion; and we have no warrant for doubt in the light of revealed truth concerning the inherent justice and mercy of God that every element of cause or inflicted tendency will be taken into righteous account in the judgment of each and every soul. The man who can intelligently ask or consider the question framed above shows his capability of distinguishing between good and evil, and can not consistently excuse himself for wilful wrongdoing.

Our first parents disobeyed the command of God by indulging in food unsuited to their condition; and, as a natural consequence, they suffered physical degeneracy, whereby bodily weakness, disease, and death came into the world. Their posterity have inherited the resultant ills, to all of which we now say flesh is heir; and it is true that these human imperfections came through disobedience, and are therefore the fruits of sin. But as to accountability for Adam's transgression, in all justice Adam alone must answer. The present fallen status of mankind, as expressed in our mortal condition, was inaugurated by Adam and Eve; but Divine justice forbids that we be accounted sinners solely because our parents transgressed.

Though the privations, the vicissitudes, and the unrelenting toil enforced by the state of mortal existence be part of our heritage from Adam, we are enriched thereby; for in just such conditions do we find opportunity to develop the powers of soul that shall enable us to overcome evil, to choose the good, and to win salvation and exaltation in the mansions of our Father.

If the expression "original sin" has any definite signification it must be taken to mean the transgression of our parents in Eden. We were not participators in that offense. We are not inheritors of original sin, though we be subjects of the consequences. The millions who have been slaughtered and are today falling on the battlefields of the greatest war in history, and

those other and more millions of helpless dependents who have endured such agonies as to make of death a blessed relief, are all involved in the frightful results of the precipitation of war by their respective rulers; yet who can doubt that when a just accounting is called, those who brought about the carnage and the suffering shall be made to answer, not the irresponsible victims? And to everyone who has suffered blamelessly, He who notes even the sparrow's fall shall give full meed of recompense.

Why waste time and effort in bewailing what Adam did? Better is it to face like men the actual conditions of our existence and to meet the requirements of righteous living. From the effects of Adam's transgression full redemption is assured through the atonement wrought by Jesus Christ our Lord. "*For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive*" (I Cor. 15:22).

#### WE LIVED BEFORE WE WERE BORN

##### *Our Primeval Childhood. The Preexistence of the Christ and of all Mankind*

It is a grievous error to assume that mortal birth marks the beginning of one's individual existence. Quite as reasonable is it that death means annihilation of the soul. The preexistent or antemortal state of man is as plainly affirmed by Scripture as is the fact of life beyond the grave.

We are too prone to regard the body as the man, and this mistake breeds the thought that life in the flesh is all there is to existence. There is in man an immortal spirit that existed as an intelligent being before the body was begotten, and that shall continue to exist as the same immortal individual after the body has gone to decay. Divine revelation attests the solemn truth that *man is eternal*.

No one who accepts the Holy Bible as the word of God can consistently deny the preexistence of the Lord Jesus Christ. In the first chapter of the Gospel written by John, Christ is designated as the Word, and the Savior's preexistence and primeval Godship are thus set forth: "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God." We read further: "And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us" (John 1:1 and 14).

Our Lord's personal testimony is to the same effect. Of the disciples He asked: "What and if ye shall see the Son of Man ascend up where he was before?" (John 6:62). And on another occasion He averred: "I came forth from the Father, and am come into the world: again, I leave the world, and go to the Father" (John 16:28). In solemn prayer He implored, "And

now, O Father, glorify thou me with thine own self with the glory which I had with Thee before the world was" (John 17:5).

Nevertheless, as to earthly birth Christ was born a Child and lived to maturity as a Man among men. Even as His bodily birth was the union of a preexistent spirit with a tabernacle of flesh and bones, such also is the birth of every human being.

Everyone of us was known by name and character to the Father, who is "the God of the spirits of all flesh" (Numbers 16:22; 27:16), in our antemortal or primeval childhood; and from among the hosts of His unembodied children God chose for special service on earth such as were best suited to the accomplishment of His purposes. In illustration consider the Lord's definite revelation to Jeremiah the prophet: "Before I formed thee in the belly I knew thee; and before thou camest forth out of the womb I sanctified thee, and I ordained thee a prophet unto the nations" (Jer. 1:5).

More than twelve centuries before Jeremiah's time God revealed unto Abraham the fact of the preexistence of the spirits of mankind, as also the diverse capacities of those spirits, and the Divine purpose in preparing the earth for their habitation. Thus runs the record:

"Now the Lord had shown unto me, Abraham, the intelligences that were organized before the world was; and among all these there were many of the noble and great ones; And God saw these souls that they were good, and he stood in the midst of them, and he said: These I will make my rulers; for he stood among those that were spirits, and he saw that they were good; and he said unto me: Abraham, thou art one of them; thou wast chosen before thou wast born. And there stood one among them that was like unto God, and he said unto those who were with him: We will go down, for there is space there, and we will take of these materials, and we will make an earth whereon these may dwell; And we will prove them herewith, to see if they will do all things whatsoever the Lord their God shall command them; And they who keep their first estate shall be added upon; and they who keep not their first estate shall not have glory in the same kingdom with those who keep their first estate; and they who keep their second estate shall have glory added upon their heads forever and ever" (Pearl of Great Price, Abraham 3:22-26).

Our life in the flesh is but one stage in the course of the soul's eternal progress, a link connecting the eternities past with the eternities yet to come. The purpose of our mortal probation is that of education, training, trial, and test, whereby we demonstrate whether we will obey the commandments of the Lord our God and so lay hold on the boundless opportunities of advancement in the eternal worlds, or elect to do evil and forfeit the boon of citizenship in the Kingdom of Heaven.

The condition upon which mankind may have place in that Kingdom is compliance with the requirements laid down by

Jesus Christ the Redeemer and Savior of the world, whose name is "the only name which shall be given under heaven, whereby salvation shall come unto the children of men" (Pearl of Great Price, Moses 6:52).

Literature of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints may be obtained, much of it without cost, from any of the Missions, among which are:

Eastern States Mission, 33 West 126th St., New York, N. Y.  
 Southern States Mission, 711 Fairview Ave., Chattanooga, Tenn.  
 Northern States Mission, 2555 North Sawyer Ave., Chicago, Ill.  
 Central States Mission, 302 South Pleasant St., Independence, Mo.  
 Western States Mission, 622 West 6th Ave., Denver, Colo.  
 California Mission, 153 West Adams St., Los Angeles, Cal.  
 Northwestern States Mission, 810 East Madison St., Portland, Ore.  
 Bureau of Information, Salt Lake City, Utah.

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## The Kingdom of Sin

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The Kingdom of Sin lies low and gray—

A sunken isle in an open sea—

And the Ships of Life that pass that way,

Blown by the gales of misery,

Striking the edge of its hidden shores,

Sink deep in the slime of their sodden floors.

There are things down there that glide and creep,

That have no place in the upper world.

Sometimes, in the harried dreams of sleep,

Their ghoulish shapes are alone unfurled—

But never an eye with its gaze undimmed

Has seen such forms in the sunlight limned.

And oh, the souls in those sunken caves!

Souls that once in the open air

Rode the swell of the dancing waves

With hearts all bold and with forms all fair—

See them shrunken, and halt and gray,

Crouching there from the light of day!

No real joy lingers upon their lips—

No purpose high springs on pinion fleet

But is smothered there by the gloom that drips

(Through air that broods like an ebony sheet)

An ooze from the dank of the prison walls

To wither all where its poison falls!

*Josephine Spencer.*

# Moral Education of the Adolescent

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By Newel K. Young, Principal North Sanpete Stake Theological Seminary

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## *I—Today, a Time of Crisis*

I am sure that we are all agreed in theory that the moral culture of our boys and girls is the most important issue of our country. Yet, we really give much less attention and concern to it than we give to many things of far less import. I write the *Era* in the high hope, and with a great desire, that I may help to bring the question to the foreground in the minds and hearts of its readers. I understand full well that in the space at disposal we can refer to only a few questions among the many that grow out of this great problem; and we can barely touch these few.

First, as to the import and the urgent need *now* of action on this question. I suppose every thoughtful man *sees* that the rapid multiplicity of modern inventions has produced such wonderful industrial changes as to almost completely upset our social standards of life—and this applies with full force to both community and family relations. At the same time all the old time hopes and beliefs, as old as the world, of a religious nature, have been challenged by modern scientific theories, and in the minds of great numbers of our American people, largely or wholly discredited.

The result is that we are thrown into the midst of such a rapidly changing and complex social whirlpool that we are all bewildered and many of us totally lost. The forces of greed for gold have been quick to seize upon the financial opportunities of commercializing our social pleasures. The liquor and white slave traffickers have used their gigantic powers to turn these commercialized social pleasures into such channels as will fill their coffers. This co-operation,—of the moneyed interests that have commercialized our leisure pursuits, and the terrible twin sisters of the saloon and brothel—has put to such skilful use the all pervading influence of modern advertising as to lay their filthy, soul-destroying hands upon our social customs in every nook and corner of our glorious land. Our whole social life is permeated by the poisonous breath of these leprous, defiling, damning influences. Added to all this we have been flooded, yes, overwhelmed with sudden prosperity that has literally bur-

dened us with such wealth as the world has never before known.

But at the same time, the conserving family customs and the sacred, holy influences of the home have been largely swept away by some or all of the above named changes and influences. Add to this the fact that the hallowed influence and divine authority of the Church are largely denied, and we have a picture that is gloomy enough.

But let us be glad that through it all we have had valiant souls who have girded themselves for the fight against these terrible monsters of evil and crime. These brave ones have inspired us with strength and courage by their heroic living, and their words of promise. Then, too, the wholesome influences of our free, simple, rural life, and the strengthening struggles of our pioneer fathers and mothers—I speak of the nation at large as well as of our great virile west—had rooted so deeply into our souls the habits and ideals and convictions and purposes of moral righteousness that our ruin is not easily accomplished. And there are many signs that give promise of better days. But the loss in souls is great, and we have been struck to the heart and deeply hurt.

Yet, I fully believe, yes, I feel assured, that *we*, who live in this choicest section of this choice country, at least, will rise up with such love and faith and strength as to win the day. And just here let me say that two great things give me abiding hope and undoubting assurance. First, I find eternal inspiration in the *inherent moral nature*, and the *persistent* disposition of the child,—the *boy* and the *girl*,—to live the *good* life. I thank God for the fresh hope and abiding promise that I get from my daily association with my own children, and our *youth* wherever I meet them in this broad land. And second, I do know that we love our homes, our family institutions. As mothers, we glory even in the self-denials and sufferings that our maternity brings us. And as fathers, we find our greatest pride in the struggles and obligations that inhere to our callings in caring for and protecting our families. "Our home stands at the end of every day's labor, and beckons us to its bosom," after the day's struggle, with the promise of holy affection and hallowed associations as the reward for our toil. Our wives and mothers thrill and glow in the truth of these immortal words of Holland's: "The woman who trains her family and rules her household well, fills and honors the highest office the world has for her; and whenever a wife or mother steps out of such a place she steps down, even though her steps lead to a throne."<sup>a</sup> And our husbands and fathers are the men of whom Joaquin Miller

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<sup>a</sup>J. G. Holland, *Plain Talks*, p. 120.

could say that we are the sires of the rarest and choicest babes born into this world since time began, because we "hate low desire and love our kind." To us the marriage relation is an altar upon which we offer our lives and strength in purity of heart to preserve and make sacred the home.

I often hear parents say to our lads and maidens of high school age, "If I had only had your opportunities, what wouldn't I have done," etc. We forget that temptations have multiplied many times faster than opportunities. I would rather say, "Would we have stood erect and kept our feet in the way of life had we had such temptations as they have?" I believe most of us would have done so, and I believe most of our boys and girls will do so. I urge that we rededicate ourselves to the task of glorifying parenthood—being grand men and noble women in our homes and daily lives before our children. By so doing we may help our children to the conviction that obedience is the crowning virtue of childhood and youth—an enlightened and spontaneous obedience that makes *partners* and *comrades* of children and parents. By thus exalting the office of parenthood and imbuing the young with the spirit of filial obedience alone may the home be made a veritable temple for the moral culture of the boy and the girl.

## II—The Call to Fight

But since the church and home have lost something of their former authority and influence, the state, through its public schools, is obliged to undertake much of this work of preserving the nation by keeping its people clean and upright.

Buisson says, "The nation having become sovereign of her destinies must take care of her future and rest secure of the morrow."

And as teachers we surely agree with Sissons when he declares:

"A believer in education must needs deny the power of luck and must pin his faith to the proposition that character develops, like all other growing things, in accordance with inviolable laws; and that if we could know these laws, and act always in accordance with them, we should be able—not to make what we please out of any child,—but to make of every child the best that he is capable of becoming."<sup>b</sup>

Parents as well as teachers are involved in this great problem of moral training. One of our greatest authorities on education puts it thus:

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<sup>b</sup>Sissons, *Essentials of Character*, p. 1.



"This is considered the most vital and the most difficult of all the many vast problems before the American people. It is not for educators alone, but for the nation to solve. It is the problem in which all the deep questions touching the perpetuity of our race and people culminate, and one in which a great awakening seems by every sign to impend."<sup>c</sup>

"The work to which we are called is thus one of conserving the highest of our racial and national resources and to convert arid moral wastes into fields teeming with harvest. This task cannot wait. The call is like that with which the New Testament opens—its tocsin words are now and here. The realization of long delayed hopes, the averting of long felt dangers must be accomplished at once. To do this we must call home our hopes for a far future, our desires for a distant good, and cash all their specious promises into immediate and present effectiveness. This makes great epochs, and the formula for little ones and mean ones is: Great plans for the future, and precious hopes for all the goods that are remote, and nothing here and now. Has any race ever had so urgent and imperative a call to do a present duty."<sup>d</sup>

If we do not answer this call we will have failed the coming generations, and proven ourselves unworthy of our inheritance.

### III—Preadolescence

As I view the matter there are three essential things in our training of the *little* child. They are, first, to keep him well and vigorous in body; second, to provide him with *models* to imitate—I think I would add here that the critic and fault-finder should be kept far from him; and the third is to keep him *happy*. This last I consider so important and so much neglected that I can hardly refrain from again quoting Commissioner Sissons:

"Hopefulness is cheerfulness with forward look and outstretched hand. \* \* \* \* The capital crime of early training is the killing of happiness; nothing can atone for that loss. \* \* \* \* The joy that illuminates the days and hours of childhood also lays the best foundation for strength and wisdom and health to serve maturity and old age."<sup>e</sup>

Prof. George Herbert Palmer has given such a graphic comparison of the charming little fellow of the early imitative period, and the boy of the trying period following when he comes into a life of his own, as his individuality begins to assert itself, that we cannot do better than to give place to his words:

"We accordingly reverence the child and delight to watch him. How charming he is, graceful in movement, swift of speech, picturesque in action! Envious little being! The more so because he is able to retain his perfection for so brief a time.

<sup>c</sup>G. Stanley Hall, *Educational Problems*, p. 200.

<sup>d</sup>G. Stanley Hall, *Educational Problems*, p. 339.

<sup>e</sup>Sissons, *Essentials of Character*, pp. 49, 50.

"But we all know the unhappy period from seven to fourteen, when he who formerly was all grace and spontaneity discovers that he has too many arms and legs. How disagreeable the boy then becomes. Before, we liked to see him playing about the room. Now we ask why he is allowed to remain. For he is a ceaseless disturber; constantly noisy and constantly aware of making a noise, his excuses are as bad as his indiscretions. He cannot speak without making some awkward blunder. He is forever asking questions without knowing what to do with the answers. A confused and confusing creature. We say he has grown backward. Where before he was all that is estimable, he has become all that we do not wish him to be.

"All that we do not wish him to be, but certainly much more what God wishes him to be. \* \* \* For if we could get rid of our sense of annoyance, we should see that he is reaching a higher stage, coming into a heritage and obtaining a life of his own. Formerly he lived merely the life of those about him."<sup>f</sup>

I shall leave this period—the habit-forming time, and the age when the child's individuality asserts itself—after quoting the following from Dr. Hall:

"So, too, in our urbanized hot-house life, that tends to ripen everything before its time, we must teach nature, although the very phrase is ominous. But we must not in so doing, wean still more from, but perpetually incite to visit field, forest, hill, shore, the water, flowers, animals, the true homes of childhood in this wild undomesticated stage in which modern conditions have kidnaped and transported him. Books and reading are distasteful, for the very soul and body cry out for more active, objective life, and to know nature and man first hand. These two staples, stories and nature, by these informal methods of the home and the environment, constitute the fundamental education."<sup>g</sup>

"Never again will there be such susceptibility to drill and discipline such plasticity to habituation, or such ready adjustment to new conditions. It is the age of external and mechanical training \* \* \* this is not teaching in its true sense so much as it is drill, inculcation, regimentation. The method should be mechanical, repetitive, authoritative, dogmatic. The automatic powers are now at their very apex and they can bear and do more than our degenerate pedagogy knows or dreams of."<sup>h</sup>

During this period the child should be well established in the moral habits of righteousness, and thoroughly committed to the practice of filial and community obedience.

#### *IV—Adolescence, The Age for Moral Culture*

We will now let Mr. Gould, the greatest living authority on moral education in England, introduce us to the adolescent boy and girl—the golden age for moral and religious culture:

"When beyond the line of puberty, a great gate unfolds its leaves, the

<sup>f</sup>Geo. Herbert Palmer, *The Nature of Goodness*, pp. 236, 237.

<sup>g</sup>G. Stanley Hall, *Youth*, p. 34.

<sup>h</sup>G. S. Hall, *Youth*, p. 5.

soul will then (if ever) enter the Storm and Wrestling experience, and try its strength on doctrine, gospel, revelation, and inquiry into things universal. \* \* \* \* This then is the moment to portray a long and rich series of examples of self-control, self-direction, self-development, kindness, generosity, sincerity, veracity, modesty, fairness, justice, chivalry, beauty, honesty, honor, industry, loyal service in family relations, in friendships, in art and craft, in conquest of difficulties, in social co-operation and civic order and progress."<sup>i</sup>

I truly believe that this period of the teens is a wonderland of opportunity for moral training. Yet, it seems to me because of our lack of vision here, that it is too often, both at home and at school, the age of misunderstandings and consequently of offenses between the child and his parents and teachers. Am I fortunate or unfortunate in retaining rather vivid memories of the crises in my life, and in the lives of some of my comrades, during this period?

Many of our greatest educators—men and women of *vision* and *rich experience*—even while writing on purely philosophical or psychological themes, burst suddenly into poetry or religious fervor when writing of the adolescent youth or maiden. I feel sure that it will be profitable for us to quote some of these authorities as they reveal and declare their love for youth; for the words that I shall select, shall be ripe in educational wisdom and warm in inspiration.

Hall says:

"But with the teens all this begins to be changed, and many of these precepts must be gradually reversed. There is an outburst of growth that needs a large part of the total physical energy of the body. There is a new interest in adults, a passion to be treated like one's elders, to make plans for the future, a new sensitiveness to adult praise or blame. The large muscles have their innings and there is a new clumsiness of body and mind. The blood vessels expand, and blushing is increased, new sensations and feelings arise, the imagination blossoms, love of nature is born, music is felt in a new, more inward way, fatigue comes easier and sooner; and if heredity and environment enable the individual to cross this bridge successfully, there is sometimes almost a break of continuity, and a new being emerges. The drill methods of the preceding period must be slowly relaxed and new appeals made to freedom and interest. We can no longer coerce, for fear of a break, but must lead and inspire if we would avoid arrest. Individuality must have a longer tether. *Never is the power to appreciate so far ahead of the power to express, and never does understanding so outstrip ability to explain. Overaccuracy is atrophy. Both mental and moral acquisitions sink at once too deep to be reproduced by examination without injury both to intellect and will.* There is nothing in the environment to which the adolescent nature does not keenly respond. With pedagogic tact we can teach about everything we know that is really worth knowing; but if we amplify and moralize, instead of giving great wholes, if we let the hammer that strikes the bell rest too long against it, and deaden the sound, and if we wait before each methodic step till the pupil has reproduced all the last, *we starve and retard the soul, which is*

<sup>i</sup> Gould, *Moral Instruction*, p. 24.

now all insight and receptivity. Plasticity is at its maximum, utterance at its minimum. The inward traffic obstructs the outer currents. Boys especially are often dumb-bound, monophrastic, inarticulate, save in their own vigorous and inelegant way. Deep interests arise, which are almost as sacred as is the hour of visitation of the Holy Ghost to the religious teacher."<sup>j</sup>

While Percival Chubb thus declares himself:

"This golden age does undoubtedly offer rare and peculiar opportunities to the educator. The young nature, crossing the threshold of adult years, expands with almost sudden access of life. It is an age of new birth, of quick changes and swift maturity; *the age for the taking of vows and assuming of responsibilities*; the age of consecration and self-dedication. In the course of a few years the slim, frocked girl becomes the gowned and dignified woman; the boy's piping treble turns to a manly bass. Features take a firmer cast; the limbs a settled pose and gait. And this outward change of life, as we significantly phrase it, is marked by inward mutations no less marked. The nature vibrates with new longings and resolves, deeper admirations and hopes, strange curiosities and doubts. The tumult and trouble of the spring tide are in the brain and heart no less.

"As a rule these four years of high school life are to count for more in determining the set of the character than any other four years of life. When at one time the throng of new interests, tastes, and desires declare themselves. When, one after another, literature, music and the arts—nature, solitude, religion, adventure—make appeal to the sensitive nature, it becomes a matter of chief moment whether what are often mere transiencies of impulse and liking, mere shy, fleeting visitants asking food and shelter, are to receive a hearty and hospitable welcome, or are to be excluded (forever as it often proves) from the home and the soul. Are they to grow to more and more under generous hospitality, or to die of inanition and neglect? The High School teacher may be a large—sometimes the largest—factor in deciding the answer to these vital questions."<sup>k</sup>

Turning now to Pres. Henry C. King of Oberlin College, we are given an insight into another sphere of the nature of youth:

"The peculiar natural power of all the active instincts at adolescence certainly can never be wisely ignored. At no other time does the human being show so clearly that he is made for action. The love of excitement and adventure, the fierce combative instinct that delights in danger, in struggle, and even in destruction; the restless ambition that seeks with an insatiable longing to better its position and to climb to heights yet unsealed; the craving enjoyment which not only gives pleasure but carries with it a thrill of passion,—all these are particularly in evidence at this period; and it is surely, as Lecky says, a part of the business of education to find for them a healthy, useful or at least harmless sphere of action. In the chemistry of character they may ally themselves with the most heroic as well as with the worst elements of our Nature."<sup>l</sup>

I wish I could quote to you from Judd, Bagley, Parker, Thorndyke and others, but I am forced to content myself with

<sup>j</sup>G. S. Hall, *Youth*, pp. 236, 237.

<sup>k</sup>Percival Chubb, *The Teaching of English*, pp. 235, 236.

<sup>l</sup>Henry Churchill King, *Rational Living*, p. 151.

another quotation from the great Dean of moral education in England. Mr. Gould says:

"Three problems assail the soul and, if they make their appeal simultaneously, the agitation will be profound, and deep will call unto deep. One is that of the physical relation to the race; in a word the sex-life. The second is that of the social relation, realized in manners, industry, and ambitions. The third is the relation to the world at large, and this involves the insistent and perhaps turbulent questions of God, morality, destiny.

\* \* \* Youth desires to know its threefold relation—physical, social, and universal, and in the very nature of the case, its chief need is liberty, combined with a prudent and sympathetic provision for companionships, search, adventure, experiment, discussion, reflection. Dictation is the natural enemy of such liberty, and adolescence quite naturally and quite rightly resents dictation, and wards off a fussy interference. \* \* \* This is a liberty which ought to be unchecked by premature wage earning and material cares. *Nevertheless, it is not a liberty with intelligence enough to discover its true environment*, and it is at this point that society should intervene in the provision of opportunities of learning, exercise, co-operation, industry, recreation, friendships, self-culture, and rudimentary civic functions. 'What is a noble life?' asked Alfred DeVigney, and he replied to himself: 'A thought formed in youth and realized in mature years.' How far does society help its youth of both sexes to form such thoughts? Not wishing to lapse into a mood of irony or scorn I leave the question unanswered. But till our daughters and sons think these thoughts, and until we furnish them with the workshop and garden for that self-discipline and self-revelation, our whole social structure must suffer confusion and decay."<sup>m</sup>

"It is of the first importance to let him feel that his individuality is to be fostered and not repressed; that we wish to discover his gifts and capacities, and give them scope for exercising them; and we need not hesitate \* \* \* to tell him of wilful children \* \* \* whose troublesome passions have become transfigured into useful activities. The education of the future will mainly concern itself, not with what the 19th century called discipline, *but with discovering what the child can be and do and inciting him to be and do that*. It is not the least of our tasks to unfold the romance of existence to the child's imagination, sometimes by the portrayal of chosen heroes, and more often by the portrayal of the risks, adventures and joyful victories of everyday household life and civic industry. *Show life; constantly enlarge the landscape of life; make life magnetic in its crowded interests*; \* \* \* . The child is an intellectual being, and to his intellect we will appeal. He loves to construct; we will build up ideas of justice, devotion, and sympathy. He loves affirmation rather than negation; we will prove that the moral life is a perpetual *Yea* of experiment, skill, exploration, and doggedness. He loves to ask and understand; we will have daily news for him, and narrate to him constantly fresh tidings of the battle of good and evil. He loves simplicity and directness; \* \* \* we will present the issues dramatically so as to make claim straightway to his sense of justice and his unsophisticated sympathies. The child 'wants to be a man,' in other words, he wants to tread an ever widening arena of experience; we will teach him that this arena is the universe itself, and his companions in the action are saints and captains, sisters of mercy and noble 'Mothers in Israel.' In his sports he has learned the value of a target and a goal; we will impart to him the open secret that life with a purpose is worth living. Every normal child has his passion for achievement, and the so-called 'bad boy' is often a complete arsenal of misdirected

<sup>m</sup>Gould, *Moral Instruction*, pp. 25, 26.

idealisms; we will let him see our own enthusiasm and beckon him to the strenuous quest. If at any moment he betrays a disposition to cunning, to trickery, to circumvention, we will assure him that an honorable career requires alertness, wit, ingenious adaptation of means to ends. \* \* \* If he is persistent, we will not stay to call him obstinate; we will congratulate him on his possession of a quality which is proof of an inward stability."<sup>n</sup>

A friend of mine, a teacher and a psychologist, whose judgment I esteem very highly feels that the changes attributed to the child at this period are greatly exaggerated. He contends and finds some educators of eminence as authority for his contentions, that there are no new instincts or interests or capacities born at this period, except the awakening or birth of the sex nature. I do not deny this claim. But of this I feel quite sure: that often the mental and spiritual powers do grow, even as the body and its powers do, by *leaps* and *bounds*. Whether new capacities and interests are born, or whether those already possessed suddenly *burst* into *new life* and *power*, I know not. But this I know, *that the passion for life—the passion to dare and do, to love and create—is now intensified and glorified within the heart of boy and girl*. They are born again. Born into the realm of manhood and womanhood. He is no longer a child. Their hopes and plans and dreams are the inspirations and aspirations of the man and woman now. So I close by venturing that this is a critical period. To the high school boy and girl we parents and teachers may be either priests of life or stumbling blocks just as we have vision of their possibilities and worth, or as we are blind to these glories of youth.

(To be continued)

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<sup>n</sup>Gould, *Moral Instruction*, pp. 85, 86.

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## Looking Back

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Beyond the river and streamlet,  
Where plain and forest meet,  
With the rugged mount for a background,  
And the mirrored lake before;  
With the city and town to the southward,  
And the dotted farms to the north;  
Stands the old rustic home of my childhood,  
The place that I adore.

'Twas the scene of many a pleasure,  
Through childhood's happy days,  
Whether the snow lay on the upland,  
Or the grass was green below;  
It mattered not in what season,  
For all was joy and peace,  
In that happy home of my childhood,  
A paradise below.

Logan, Utah.

J. C. Hogenson.



## Outlines for Scout Workers

*By D. W. Parratt, B. S.*

### XVII—The Slate-Colored Junco

"I say to you, if you would reap the purest pleasure of youth, manhood, and old age, go to the birds and through them be brought within the ennobling influences of Nature."—*Frank M. Chapman.*

1. By what other names are slate-colored juncos known?
2. Where do these birds spend their summer? Their winter?
3. Are they good mixers with other winter birds? Why do you think so?
4. Describe these juncos and distinguish between the males and females.
5. They show the "white feather." When? How? Why?
6. Where and upon what do they feed?
7. Tell of the junco's song.
8. Where and of what are the nests made?
9. Tell of the number and color of eggs.

10. Should these beautiful birds be encouraged to visit us? Give at least two reasons for your answer.

*Handy Material*

*Juncos*

Along the narrow, sandy height  
I watch them swiftly come and go,  
Or round the leafless wood,  
Like flurries of wind-driven snow,  
Revolving in perpetual flight,  
A changing multitude.

Nearer and nearer still they sway,  
And, scattering in a circle sweep,  
Rush down without a sound;  
And now I see them peer and peep  
Across yon level bleak and gray,  
Searching the frozen grounds,—

Until a little wind upheaves,  
And makes a sudden rustling there,  
And then they drop their play,  
Flash up into the sunless air.  
And, like a flight of silver leaves,  
Swirl round and sweep away.

—Archibald Lampman.

The bird under consideration is frequently referred to as simply the snowbird or the junco. Often he is called the black snowbird and sometimes the white bill. He is one of several species of juncos frequenting our valley and is among the most welcome and best known of all our winter visitors. According to Thompson, this particular junco is perhaps the most talked-of snowbird in the whole United States. East of the Rocky Mountains he habitually summers, breeds, and moults in the timbered regions of Canada, and winters southward even to the Gulf of Mexico. However, in our mountain climates, his migrations do not cover such a wide range. Here his summers are spent in higher altitudes or else in localities not very far to the north, while his winters are passed in our own and in like valleys extending no great distance to the south. Observers have noted him, for instance, during mid-summer months near the head-waters of our mountain canyons, particularly of City Creek, Mill Creek, and the two Cottonwoods. Last July and August the writer saw this sprightly fellow in great numbers in and near Yellowstone National Park.

Early winter storms drive the juncos from summer retreats into warmer valleys where food is more accessible and plentiful. They arrive in our midst often as early as October but are seen in greater numbers when winter is well under way. They



are very sociable and at this season ordinarily flock in groups of from about ten to thirty in number. Their friendly relations with other winter birds are often topics of interesting comment. Seldom if ever do they show any disposition toward quarreling with these associates. They fly, eat, and mingle with querulous chickadees and pugnacious English sparrows with apparent contentment, and, in fact, seem to enjoy these noisy companions.

By unobserving people, our trim, peaceful winter visitor is frequently mistaken for the aggressive, quarrelsome sparrow. However, the only point relating to personal appearance in which they are strikingly alike is that of size. Ordinarily, both measure from five and one-half to six and one-half inches in length and are about the same as each other in height. The dominant color of the junco, as the name implies, is slaty-gray. This covers the head, neck, breast, and upper parts of both male and female, although with the male the color is somewhat darker, especially on the head and neck where it may deepen into almost black. In addition to being of a lighter tone, the slate color of the female inclines to delicate brown, chiefly on her comely back and graceful wings. Almost pure white covers the under parts of both male and female. Their outer tail feathers are also white and in contrast with the others of slatish-gray, prove decidedly conspicuous while the birds are in flight. And doubly true is this from the fact that while the birds are thus flying, these white feathers are kept in a constant, in-and-out motion as if intended for nothing but to attract attention from disinterested observers.

It is recorded that juncos do a large part of their migrating during the dark hours of night. If this be true, then one can readily see what an advantage it is to the birds to have these "white banners" marking the way of the leaders as the birds fly through the darkness. Without such flitting, showy signals the birds flying behind would, of course, be in grave danger of getting lost from the flock.

These lively, "little gray-robed monks and nuns" are at first somewhat timid and reserved. Early winter sees them in open fields, feeding upon waste grain, weed seeds, and hidden insects, but later, when hunger presses harder, they become more daring and even venture into our yards in quest of crumbs and the like thrown out upon the snow-covered ground. While searching for these, their little white bills keep busy picking at things almost too small for us to see and at the same time the apparently happy birds continue whispering faint, low chatters and chants quite becoming their trim appearance and modest decorum.

During early spring, when mating season is beginning and

before the juncos have left for summer homes, the male birds are at times heard bursting into sweet melody suited to the most fastidious female. His song opens with a crispy call note, followed by a simple little trill, and ends with a delicate, faintly whispered, but sweetly broken, warble.

Thus with pleasing song, our welcomed visitors take leave for the more serious business of housekeeping and rearing young. As already suggested, some go up our bracing canyons, but most take their "wedding flights" to the cooler, secluded regions of the north.

Their nests, usually made of grass and lined with hair, feathers, and soft vegetable fibers, are hidden under fallen trees, projecting roots, bunches of grass, and the like. As a rule from three to five pretty, greenish-white eggs are happily given to the nest. These are interestingly dotted with reddish spots around the larger ends.

"While feeding upon the ground," writes B. H. Standish, "these snowbirds frequently scratch to uncover seeds, and their method is novel, indeed. The bird does not stand on one foot, like a domestic fowl, and scratch with the other, and then change feet. It hops forward with both feet side by side, then hopping back, it drags its long claws through the soil, all at the same time. This stirs the surface soil, but does not go deep enough to uncover worms and well-planted seeds. So snowbirds are no troublesome scratchers, and gardeners hold no grudge against them."

In speaking of these useful birds, Prof. J. H. Paul aptly remarks that besides eating weed seeds all winter, "the juncos consume vast quantities of them in March before leaving for their northern (or mountain) homes. Their visit is an unmixed benefit to agricultural land; and they do no real harm, since the little grain eaten by them consists mainly of waste kernels."

#### *Winter Birds*

I watch them from the window,  
While winds so keenly blow;  
How merrily they twitter,  
And revel in the snow.

Oh, may I be as cheerful  
As yonder winter birds,  
Through ills and petty crosses,  
With no repining words;

So teaching me this lesson,  
Away, away they go,  
And leave their tiny footprints  
In stars upon the snow.

—George Cooper.

# An Indian School Paper

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By Frank R. Arnold

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We have all heard of Indian skill in hunting and we know that when the Indian goes to Carlisle he makes the best of football material, but it may be a surprise to some to know that the Indians at the Sherman school at Riverside, California, run a paper of their own in which they do all the work of writing, editing, and typesetting. Riverside is famous for its oranges and its Indians, but the 700 Indian boys and girls at the Sherman school are by far the more interesting. I went out to see them one Saturday morning and found the scholars scattered all over the grounds. The agricultural brigade was just starting at the front gate to sweep all the walks and driveways. They were a merry, talkative crowd, working side by side, and the noise of their joking and of their scratching brooms, coming in regular cadence, could be heard all over the ten acres or more of front lawn. All around the dormitories red and blue blankets were spread in the sun to air, and the girls were busy within with the weekly cleaning. Back in the grounds some of the older boys were doing the brickwork on the new library. Other boys were bringing bricks and lumber in hand carts, stopping now and then for practical jokes, trying to push the empty cart into some boy ahead who was walking slowly, and when there was any slope the whole crowd would race down hill at full speed.

All the 700 Indian scholars seemed to be out of doors but I found a good many in the shops. In the printer's shop were five or six Mission Indian boys hard at work. They were in charge of an Oneida Indian who had worked for the *Saturday Evening Post*. One was painting an artistic illumination of a Christmas poem. Others were setting type and a little Albino boy was folding papers for mailing. These papers were the weekly *Sherman Bulletin*, the school paper of the institution. These Mission Indians are handsome, quiet fellows and seemed more like Hindoos with a touch of Italian blood than like the average redskin.

The four pages of their paper are creditable work in school journalism and the reading of any issue will give you a good idea of the school work and interests. The first page shows that the School comes in contact with the outside world. The issue

they were printing gave the information that the school band would participate in the community Christmas celebration of Riverside, and that sixty boys and girls from the school would help in the singing of the choral hymns. Then came an editorial clipped from a Washington paper discussing the new courses of studies for the Indian schools. At present the studies are purely industrial with only elementary grade work and the new plan is to divide the time between industrial and academic subjects. After the editorial was a report of the State Christian Endeavor rally of Virginia which Indians from Hampton Institute had attended. On the program was a Pima Indian from Arizona who sang "When the Roll is called up Yonder," the first religious hymn to be translated into the Pima language. He also talked about the work of Dr. Charles Cook among the Pimas. As there are 86 Pima Indians this year at Sherman this report had real news value. The first page as a whole had much news and some serious comment. Nothing red or "yellow" about it.

The three other pages contained nothing but school news. There were personal items about the teachers and reports of the Literary society meetings and much news of the industrial departments. The girls in their meeting had had songs and given quotations, the boys had debated as to whether salt was more useful than iron, and Antonio Chico had given a talk on liquid air. One item about the mending room girls told how 19 girls were doing mending for the entire school and had besides made 1,000 Pullman towels and expected to make many more. Here are two or three items culled from many which plunge you right into the life of the school and tell you what useful citizens are being trained at the Sherman Institute:

"Martha Talas, Annie Scott and Tamania Harrison have 'blue ribbons' on their beds this week in the Minnehaha Home. Judging from the general excellence of their beds, the other girls will have a hard time in getting in the blue ribbon class if these three keep up to the standard they have set."

"Mr. Lubo and Mr. Meairs, with the engineer boys, William Enos, Philip Jose, Daniel Wilson and George Ruiz, are putting up the concrete lamp posts along the parade grounds. When finished and put into operation, this will furnish enough light and add much to the beauty of the institution."

"Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Gagnon and family of five children from Solon Springs, Wisconsin, spent yesterday and today at Sherman. Mrs. Gagnon is a sister of William Baker, '13. She is a graduate of the Flandreau school, at which place she knew Mrs. Ewbank, who was matron there before coming to Sherman. Mr. and Mrs. Gagnon have been touring California, having taken in

both expositions. While in San Francisco they called upon Baker who is employed by the H. S. Crocker Printing Company of that city. Mr. Gagnon seeing one of William's pay envelopes on which was marked \$30, he determined to see the school where he was trained."

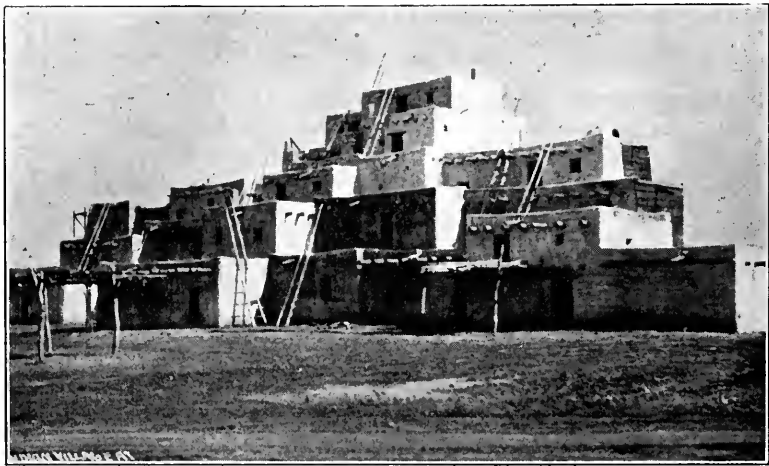


*Blanket Weavers, "The Painted Desert," San Diego Fair*

The last of these items has certainly nothing aboriginal about it and that is the surprising thing about the whole school. These children are as happy, as care free as white boys and girls, and fully as intelligent. They belong to 41 different tribes but the Mission, Papago, Pima, Navajo and Pueblo tribes lead in numbers. Of the first there are 148 and of the last 54. The mere fact that they can compose and set up a small paper and correct each other's typesetting mistakes is proof that they can do careful, accurate work. Pullman towels and school journalism may not be very advanced stages of civilization but any one who remembers Fremont's account of the California Indians when he met them in the forties will find that their descendants are vastly improved.

It was interesting to visit the Americanized Indians at the Riverside school and then see the Painted Desert at San Diego with its Pueblo, Apache, Hopi, and Navajo Indians living their primitive lives. To many it was the most interesting corner of the San Diego Fair and it was certainly a characteristic exhibit of the Southwest. Only four or five tribes were represented. You saw the Acoma Indians making pottery and the Navajos in

their round huts weaving rugs and hammering out crude jewelry. It was the southwest Indian at his best and that best is not far behind the civilizing influences of Sherman Institute. But between the two there is a sharp line of cleavage. The Indians of the Painted Desert are genuine specimens with the unique arts and language of their race. At Sherman nothing is left of the Indian but his blood. He is learning the useful arts of in-



*Pueblo looming up in the midst of "The Painted Desert" San Diego Fair*

dustry, but why should he abandon completely those beautiful arts in which his race excels and which give him distinction? Arts of weaving and pottery that no white man can perform may perhaps be more valuable to him than anything the white man can teach him. We should rather see the Indian girls at Sherman weaving rugs and baskets than making Pullman towels. We should first develop the best that is in us before taking on foreign culture.

*Logan, Utah*

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#### THE MUSEUM OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN

Is an institution to be built in New York, fronting 65 feet on Broadway, just south of 155th Street, near the Hispanic Museum. The new structure is to be devoted to the solving of what the *New York Times*, quoted in the *Native American*, calls "the great mystery of the origin of the pre-historic races of the Western Hemisphere." The notable Indian collection of George H. Heye is to be placed in the new structure.

# The Ethics of War

By Fred L. W. Bennett

One of the most remarkable results of the great war in Europe is that many people have been led to question the ethics of settling disputes between nations by armed force. In England, popular as the war is, taking the country as a whole (I speak from personal knowledge of conditions) a class has arisen known as "The Conscientious Objectors." They declare war to be utterly wrong and immoral. When questioned by the authorities they invariably quote isolated passages of Scripture in support of their case: such as "Love your enemies;" "Thou shalt not kill," etc. The military authorities, as may be supposed, have the greatest contempt for these conscientious citizens, and when they appear before the special courts which have been set up to hear appeals for exemption, they are sure to be roughly handled by some sarcastic representative or other of the war office. But I must not wander from my subject.

The Rev. R. J. Campbell, the noted English preacher and writer (author of *The New Theology* which caused a stir a few years ago), says that war is the only thing that can bring out the best there is in man. In other words he cannot demonstrate his readiness for sacrifice on a grand scale in any other way. If war is uplifting and really beneficial to the race, let us hasten to turn our gospel leaders into warriors, cancel all diplomatic appointments, and fight whenever we have an opportunity! Judging by this standard, America must have lost heavily morally and spiritually by her neutrality in respect to the present war! The truth is, war is degrading, the most demoralizing, hateful, wicked thing known to mankind. It not only destroys bodies, it destroys souls, which is infinitely worse. Many foolishly assert that a great spiritual revival will take place in Europe as a result of this strife. How can all the hatred and bitterness inseparable with war produce a feeling of love and humility in the breasts of the participants? Many of the bereaved will be led to seek consolation in religion, but I am speaking of the people as a whole.

When I denounced war as wicked, I did not mean that men who engage in it are necessarily bad. Whilst I have much sympathy with the views of the conscientious objector, I must say that he is a fanatic. The real trouble is this:—nations are like

individuals,—sensitive, passionate, selfish, ambitious, overbearing, etc.—but unlike individuals they are “living together” (for the relationships are very similar) in a state of anarchy. Unlike individuals in a civilized country, however, there is no one invested with undisputed authority and power to intervene between nations when they trespass on each other’s rights. War, therefore, is the only means a nation has of punishing its offending neighbor. Let the man or woman who thinks people who engage in war are wicked imagine him or herself in a country without laws, and my point will be readily understood. If it is wrong to use force to suppress evil designing persons, then it must be wrong to maintain large bodies of men like the police, for they depend on force for carrying out their plans as much as the soldier. How are we then to understand war? This way: It is a natural result of the wickedness of man as a whole, just as most diseases may be traced to wrong living, or some delinquency or other on his part. If the nations of the world, irrespective of race, color or power could be brought together in one great Church, possessing inspired prophets and apostles, there would be such a bond of sympathy that war would be absolutely impossible, for all would be brothers and have a common interest. As it is now, most nations have a church of their own,—in some cases many,—and they have no respect for the teachings of others, they look for their own to guide them although most of them profess to believe in the same God! Ever since the dawn of time there have been wars, and many take this as a proof that war is all right; but it rather shows that the world has at no time been free from sin: otherwise we should have had the millennium long ago. When the prophet said, “When you hear of wars and rumors of wars, be not troubled for such things must be,” he did not mean that they were right and proper, nor was he planning anything (as others suppose); he was merely reading the future, which is quite a different thing. He had such a knowledge of human nature that he could see quarreling and bloodshed would be inevitable at times.

Universal peace will never be attained in this world, that is, the world as we know it at present. There is too much sin abroad for that. Peace will not come until the great millennium when Christ appears to his people, as he has promised to do. Whilst we cannot stop war, we can all do our best to make the world purer and better and make less cause for it. The private individual little thinks of the power for good or evil he has in this respect. Sarcastic remarks about a foreign nation, when indulged in by a number of people, are productive of much bitter fruit. I am confident the war between England and Germany is largely due to foolish remarks on both sides, which led



to suspicion and finally hatred. We, who call ourselves Latter-day Saints, should remember that a great responsibility rests on our shoulders. To us alone has been shown the true plan or purpose of life, and if we fail in our duty we shall have no one but ourselves to blame, if we are cast out on the great day of reckoning. We must begin by dropping any racial prejudice we may have; and regard all peoples, whether white, black, brown, yellow or red, as members of one great human family, all equally dear to the great God who gave them life.

The present war looks to me like the beginning of the end—a preparation for the great Millennium. All Europe, in my opinion, will be involved before it is over, and all Europe will suffer, for all Europe is wicked. Turkey will be overthrown, making it possible for the Jews to gather back to Palestine and to build up Jerusalem, so that the prophecy, "the law shall go forth from Zion and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem," may be fulfilled. There may be a lull in the storm, but if so, it will break out worse than ever. Let me express the opinion that, after the nations have done fighting each other, the common people, having to carry a burden which they have not been accustomed to,—for the national debts of the respective countries will be told in eleven and twelve figures,—will rise in rebellion, and turn upon their leaders, whom they will accuse of misleading and robbing them. This will most likely be preceded by bitter quarrels amongst the nations who are now faithful allies. The final chapter of their history will likely be a repetition of what took place on the American Continent centuries ago for details of which the reader is referred to the history of the Nephites and Lamanites in the Book of Mormon.

*Soda Springs, Idaho*

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## Militarism

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*By Blanche M. Kelly*

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"Peace, peace; and there is no peace."

Not at my ease in the tent nor adream in the hall,

Not with my sword at my thigh and my lance at rest,

But full in the shock of the fray on the field let me fall,

With the Conqueror's voice in my ears, and my eyes on His crest;

Where the horses flounder and plunge and the captains shout,

And the Conqueror rides in the van on His stallion white;—

Whether I fall in the breach or go down in the rout,

Let there be neither parley nor truce, let me die in the fight.

—*Selected.*

## Success

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There's a dazzling city they call Success,  
And it stands in the sun's red glare,  
Where the pilgrims of effort by strange ways press  
To a stand on the proud heights there,  
And no one may falter and nobody waits,  
For the speedway of fame is the lure of its gates.

Some ride to its splendor in purple array,  
Mid pageantry trophied and strong,  
With courtiers paving and strewing the way,  
The whole of the journey along,  
Who, standing aloof in the luxurious time,  
Would tell us the summit is easy to climb!

Some long for its shelter, but stand back and weep  
In the midst of the wearying throng,  
Who sigh that the peaks are too dizzy and steep  
And the way of the journey too long,  
Who yearn for the blossoming gardens of pow'r,  
But weary of seeking their height in an hour.

Some dash on their way to the City of Fame,  
Who smilingly boast as they go  
That no pinnacle there is too lofty an aim  
For the arrow their wielding can throw,  
Who soar for a plaudit and fling for a cost,  
And lo! in the caverns the arrow is lost!

Some plod through the steeps, though the even descend  
Who, harrowed of gust and of gale,  
Toil patiently on till life frays to its end,  
And we say of their works, "They have failed."  
Frail judges, we mortals, who measure and guess  
At the souls that shall enter the World of Success!

*Bertha A. Kleinman.*

*Mesa, Arizona*

# Eloquence

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*By Nephi Jensen*

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This is not a set of rules on public speaking. It is not an attempt at defining eloquence. Nor yet is it a setting forth of things that should be in a good discourse. It is rather a brief statement of what should be in the speaker if he would really be effective.

Two orators of great note spoke the same evening, from the same platform, in Salt Lake City, during the recent political campaign. They were both men of deep thought and extensive learning. Both were splendid elocutionists. Both had command of superb diction. And yet the one commanded admiration and the other convinced. What was the difference in these two speakers? The one was simply an orator, and the other was a great man.

"Eloquence is," as Emerson says, "the best speech of the best soul." The greatness that is shown by a deep, genuine, passionate devotion to the best cause one knows is the most important qualification for effective speaking. No combination of talents can take the place of the absolute sincerity and earnestness which are characteristics of heroic souls. Rhetoric, elocution and wit are as nothing compared with a great heart's undivided devotion to truth. Every speech that has lived the generation after it was spoken has been the joint product of a brain struggling to solve some gigantic problem of human welfare and a heart burdened with the woes, wants and sufferings of the race.

All the really famous orations have been delivered by men who have had the greatness that puts a noble cause above all petty personal considerations. Patrick Henry's thunderbolts, hurled in the teeth of King George's servile defenders, came from a heart aflame with the love of liberty. James Otis' earnest denunciations of the unjust laws passed by the English Parliament came from a heart that loved justice and right more than the fawning of the King's powerful agents. Webster's reply to Hayne was not spoken to the galleries. It was a passionate appeal of a great patriot who could imagine no misfortune more direful than the severing of the Union. Lincoln's immortal Gettysburg speech is the joint product of an almost perfectly balanced brain and a heart of infinite tenderness.

Art is the servant of beauty; eloquence is the servant of

truth. Only that speech is really eloquent that makes truth seem true. Any discourse, no matter how polished in form, that attracts attention to itself or the manner of its delivery is a failure. Conversely, any speech no matter how elegant in form, is effective if the thoughts speak louder than the words. There is nothing so fatal to genuine eloquence as the vanity, that seeks its own glory rather than the winning of human hearts to truth. "The surest sign that a man is not great is that he strives to look great."

Some one has said that a "woman should not sing unless her heart is broken." It is equally good advice to say that one should not preach unless his soul is so mellow that the "streams of truth will roll through his soul in song." The Book of Job, one of the world's best pieces of literature, came from a heart of this kind. So have all the truly great songs, sermons, poems, and stories of the race.

Small souls are more concerned about form than substance. It is a mark of the great that they put substance first and form second. Form is something, substance is everything. "The letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life." It is for this reason that often some great soul, passionately devoted to some noble cause, will step onto a platform and commence to speak right from his heart the truest things his heart knows, and captivate the hearts of his hearers. About two years ago a signal circumstance of this kind occurred in Memphis, Tennessee. The speaker was President Joseph F. Smith. His subject was "The Gospel of Christ." Of his manner of speaking and the effect produced, the *Memphis Commercial Appeal*, the next morning said:

"President Smith is positive in speech. He is a speaker of great force. Nothing he said last night could be construed as out of the ordinary at all. But as he voiced the plea it was not quite usual. He did not seem to be trying for an effect, but he did secure one. Several of the women who were present held their handkerchiefs to their eyes; several men almost seemed worried. There were plenty of unbelievers in the crowd, but all listened to him with great attention—even smiles were lacking."

It was not fine phrases that mellowed these fastidious women into sympathetic rapport with a speaker who pleaded the cause of religion that has no pomp nor splendor to commend it to the worldly-minded. It was not pretty sentiments spoken with the graces of formal elocution that made these men "seem almost worried." What was the real secret of this unique triumph of speech making? Character and conviction. His words were the simple words of truth coming warm from a heart aglow with the knowledge and love of the truth. That is the only effective speech. That also is genuine eloquence.

Eloquence is deeper and truer than art. It is more than sentimentalism that speaks in fine phrases. It is the genuine, earnest outpouring of a heart of undivided devotion to a great cause. The deep conviction, born of a genuine, unselfish concern about the big problems of life and human welfare, is the very heart of effective speech. Eloquence, like truth, loves the depths. Shallow minds cannot compass it. Empty hearts may strive for it but they will strive in vain. Only he who has a soul deep enough to be earnest, true enough to be honest, and great enough to put his cause above every personal ambition, really speaks eloquently. There is nothing so fatal to effective speech as a striving for effect. Nothing sets an audience of earnest people against a speaker, like the impression that he is trying to "make a speech" rather than tell what is really in his heart. "A fine speech," said O'Connell, "is an elegant thing, but the sentence that is worth while is the sentence that wins the heart to truth." In speaking, as in every other art, the result obtained is the real test of the performance. Fine phrases gracefully spoken may win from our lips the tribute, "it is fine;" but real eloquence wins from our hearts the tribute, "it is true."

Socrates said, "any one can speak eloquently on a subject he knows." This is only another way of saying that borrowed light is only twilight. A poem is not composed of thoughts others have thought. It is the actual expression of the truth and beauty a great soul has experienced and lived. So is eloquence. It is for this reason that when a man of the pure earnestness of a Smith, a Grant or a Penrose speaks right from his heart, the deep truth about God and human responsibility to God, which he has felt and lived, that our souls are stirred to their very depths, and we feel as if the fine words of a mere reciter of phrases would be a mockery.

"Eloquence," says Webster, "must exist in the man." It is not a patch work of borrowed literary trappings. It is the actual expression of an intense soul's certainty of the majesty of truth. It is more. It is the warm pulsating spirit of truth carried on the wings of words to hearts yearning for the harmony that is found only close to the things that are eternally true. For one void of faith, hope and charity to preach were like the singing of some one whose heart is a stranger to melody. The saying "one cannot give what he has not" is truer of conviction than of thought. One might on occasion borrow a thought, but he cannot borrow a great soul's certainty of the final triumph of right. "If you want to be eloquent," says Goethe, "be honest; or, in other words, if you want to be eloquent think deeply, feel deeply, live truly, and express just what you think, feel and live."

"I doubt," says Albert J. Beveridge, "if any man can be a great speaker who does not have in him the religious element." It is this "religious element" that puts him in genuine sympathy with humanity and its struggles and strivings, and awakens in him the deep conviction concerning truth and right, that always finds utterance in clear, strong speech.

Eloquence is truth aglow. It is a great soul's heart throbs set to words. It is more. It is the earnest plea of a soul in which is blended the simplicity and honesty of a Lincoln, the zeal of a Peter and the courage of a Paul.

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## The Weakling

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Who 'bides with lips set close when tongues are loosed,  
 To heap some fellow-creature with abuse,  
     Just or unjust,  
 Who raises not a voice that would defend,  
 Nor turns those barbed arrows from a friend,  
     The weakling is.

Who with a silent cowardice doth stand,  
 While base Oppression devastates the land,  
     Though it perchance,  
 Touch not the nearer precincts of his own,  
 Flesh of his flesh and bone of his own bone,  
     The weakling is.

Who born and cradled in the warm, smooth lap  
 Of luxury is e'er content to nap  
     The hours away,  
 While others by the sweat of brow must win  
 Their daily bread, escapes not from the sin  
     Of weakness.

Who hastes not to make strong each rank of right,  
 Nor lifts in clarion tones her slogan's might,  
     Where finds he place?  
 With those, the puny minions, that bewail  
 Not desecration's tomb, 'tis they who fail,  
     Earth's weakling sons.

*Grace Ingles Frost.*

# At Home They are Praying for Me

To the Y. M. M. I. A. Senior Boys.

BY EVAN STEPHENS

*Con moto. Met. ♩—92.*

*1st and 2nd Tenor.*

*mf*

1. When a - far from my home, Among strangers I roam, And the
  2. They are praying to - day, And the fond words they say must as-
  3. They are praying for me, And where'er I may be, And what-
- 1st and 2nd Bass.*

tri - als of life seem se - vere .....  
 cend to the Fa - ther a - bove .....  
 ev - er I'm called on to do.....

tri - - - als of life seem se - vere, Oft a  
 cend to the Fa - ther a - bove; For each  
 ev - - - er I'm called on to do, I need

sweet cheering thought To my lone heart is brought, As I  
 wish they im - part Goes di - rect from the heart, To the  
 not be a - fraid, With that comfort and aid, I can

Note.—I should have preferred this sung in G flat, but feared it would be difficult for many accompanists in that key. Transpose it, if you can, one-half tone lower.

*Poco rit.* *f a tempo.*

yearn for the ab-sent ones dear. And it cheers me from  
fountains of mercy and love. There are those who can  
still be vic-tor-ious and true. And with God for a

far As a bright guiding star Cheers the mar-i-ner out on the  
cheer Often present or near; But precious and dear as they  
friend, I shall try to the end To en-dure, and still steadfast to

Mar - - - i - ner  
pre - - - cious and  
dure and still

sea ..... 'Tis that all is se - cure, I can  
be ..... They can help me in naught, Like the  
be ..... To the true and the right: I must

out on the sea,  
dear as they be,  
steadfast to be,



*Rit. e dim.*

do and en - dure, At home they are praying for me.  
 comforting thought, At home they are praying for me.  
 win in the fight, At home they are praying for me.

## REFRAIN.

At home.....

At home they are praying for me, At home they are  
 At home .....

praying for me, 1. Yes and all is se - cure, I can  
 2. They can help me in naught, Like the  
 .....3. For the true and the right, I must

do and en - dure, At home they are praying for me.  
 sweet cheering thought, At home they are praying for me.  
 win in the fight, At home they are praying for me.

# The Gift of Trapper's Cave

By Elsie C. Carroll

The sun was sinking in a cloud of glory over the rim of the Buckskin Mountains as Ralph Woods turned into the trail leading from Mohava to the Good Luck mining camp. The vermillion ledges towering above Mohava were painted bronze and golden by the reflected splendor from the west. The line of shadowy firs bordering the copper-colored bluffs, resembled a magnificently wrought frieze beneath a master-panel in some grand old cathedral.

Young Woods was keenly attuned to all the subtle influences in this great Out-of-doors,—God's own matchless cathedral, he was thinking to himself, as he drank in the early spring beauty, every fiber of his being aquiver with the ecstasy of its mystic touch upon his soul.

Lately graduated from the school of divinity at the Chicago University, his mind filled with splendid plans to be worked out in the field he was entering, his being touched with brotherhood, love, and a deep reverence for his "call," he saw only beauty and wonder and promise in this new world about him.

Perhaps it was youth's natural craving for adventure that had made Woods seize the opportunity of becoming circuit minister in this out-of-the-way district. Perhaps it was his own love for overcoming difficulties that had made him all the more determined to accept the "call" when he learned of the opposition and trouble which had made it impossible for the church to keep a regular parson in the vicinity. His immediate predecessor had been driven out on a threat of tar and feathers.

All this added to the young man's determination to make good. He would succeed! He must succeed! He seemed to expand with the limitless possibilities before him.

As he went on up the rugged trail, the glory in the west gradually died away, leaving the ledges only their dull red hue. The air became a trifle chilly, and gray shadows began to creep down the mountain side.

Emerging from a deep gully, Woods caught his first glimpse of the camp. The most conspicuous building was the big saloon, bearing in gaudy letters the name, *Tupples Bar*. On one side of this was a long mess-house, and on the other a longer bunk

house. On the other side of a little gulch to the left of these were a dozen or more shacks and cabins, the homes of the superintendent, foremen and some of the miners.

As Woods drew a little nearer, his ear caught the clear, sweet sound of a girl's voice singing the familiar "Juanita." When she reached the chorus a score of lusty male voices joined in, making the canyon ring with the echo. A bend in the road brought him where he could see the singers lounging about the door of the bunk-house. The girl, who strummed an old guitar, was ensconced in the rough step while the men were sprawled against the walls at her feet. While Woods could see the group plainly, he was hidden from their view by a clump of willows. He stopped his horse and waited till the song was ended, taking a mental inventory of the sort of sheep that would make up his flock.

The men were rough and grimy, just as they had come from the shift; some of their features were dull and bloated with drink. But the young minister was prepared for all this. What surprised him was the girl. There was something about the poise of her dark head and her strong, vivid face as she sat there surrounded by those burley miners, that made him think of a picture he had once seen of a young princess imprisoned on a savage island. The song ended and he started forward.

Just then the supper-bell sounded from the mess-house and the men scrambled away. The girl still sat strumming the guitar, her dark eyes wandering dreamily over the greening slope of the mountains. She started as Woods drew near and said,

"Good evening. Can you tell me where I could find Mr. Channing?" The girl did not answer. Instead her eyes traveled critically from his well-barbered head to his polished shoes. Something in the look made the young man feel like he was being weighed in the balance. He was relieved when the girl's eyes finally met his with a frank, friendly smile.

"Yer the new minister, ain't ye?" she asked naively, and Woods assented with a laughing,

"Yes. Will I pass?" The girl became suddenly serious.

"I'm afraid not," she said shaking her head. "Ye see the boys have it in fer ye already. They don't want no preacher. They say it only makes 'em worse an' I'm ashamed t' say it, but it shore does. Now, there's Nick. He's not half bad when we're let alone, but jist let a preacher blow in sight an' Nick kin beat the old Nick hisself fer mischief. I hate t' discourage ye, parson. Ye look like ye meant well, but none of ye don't understand the

boys, so it's just like they say, they're better off without ye." She looked at him like a sympathetic employer might look at a candidate who had failed to qualify. Before Woods could speak she went on,

"The boys hev made their threats about the next one that comes, an' if you know'd the boys like I do, you'd reckon on 'em carrin' 'em out. I hate t' disappoint ye, but ye'd do well t' hit the trail back t' Mahavy before they ketch sight of ye."

This was interesting, but the young minister was somewhat piqued to have his mission set aside so lightly by this peculiar mountain girl. He tried to think of something to say, but somehow each thing he thought of seemed the wrong one so at last he asked once more,

"Can you tell me where I can find Mr. Channing?" The girl ignored his question again and looked into his face with genuine concern.

"So yer goin' t' stay. Well, I'm sorry. Ye don't know what a h—l ye'll be a lettin' loose." By this time Woods was irritated.

"Will you kindly tell me where Mr. Channings is?" he repeated, his feelings ill-concealed.

"In the biggest shack across the gulch," she told him and he turned and rode away.

He was cordially greeted by the mine superintendent.

"If ever a place needed the influence of religion it is this place," he confided in the course of their conversation. "I do hope you'll be able to stick it out, but I'm not at all sure you will. Guess you heard how they drove Herrick out. Well, it's been the same for five years, ever since they sent old Jerome out here, and he made such a fool of himself in the name of the church. I don't know how we'd get along if it wasn't for Harrie."

"And who is he?" Woods asked with natural curiosity. Channing laughed.

"*She* is a little half-breed who has made herself mother-confessor to the boys. She can do more with them than I can or the whole police force of Mohava when it comes to real trouble. O you'll have to get on the good side of Harrie if you want to succeed. I think that is one reason the others have failed. They ignored her and the boys resented it."

"I believe I have already met her," said Woods recalling their interview with a fear that he had already started in wrong with this ally to be won.

"Who is the girl anyhow?" he asked after describing their meeting.

"That is what some of us who have known her ever since she was a little mite of five or six years find ourselves wondering

every little while. When the Good Luck was first prospected by old Newman he ran onto a nutty old trapper living with an Indian woman in a little cabin on the other side of the ridge. There were two children, a little girl about three or four years old, in other words, Harrie, and a little fellow about a year old. The old trapper was killed in a snowslide the first year after we began to drill. No one had succeeded in learning anything about the old fellow. Seemed close and peculiar, but with a remarkable polish and education. The Indian woman lived until Harrie was thirteen years old. Since then the girl has taken care of herself and Billy. She's really wonderful in more ways than one, as you'll find out when you become better acquainted."

"But she did not look to me like a half-breed," objected Woods.

"No she doesn't. Not nearly so much as her brother looks like a full-breed," agreed Channing. "But then, they say that often when breeds are crossed it happens that way. Still it always seems to me that there is something mysterious about Harrie. You'll feel it yourself when you know her better."

"I think," said Channing, changing the subject, "that you had just as well hold a meeting tonight. The boys have it in for you ministers on general principles, so the sooner you get acquainted and do away with their prejudice, the sooner you will be able to get at your real work." Woods heartily agreed with this, so arrangements were made to turn the mess-house into a church.

Channing was unexpectedly called to Mohava early in the evening and Woods went to his first service alone. After all he had heard he was surprised at the number present. The men were gathered in the far end of the room and as the light was poor he could not see the expression of their faces, otherwise he might have proceeded with less assurance. After a short prayer he moved the smoky, coaloil lamp nearer and opened his Bible.

"My dear brothers," he began in a low, earnest voice, "my text tonight is—." But he got no further. There had been a subdued murmur at the back of the room. It changed to a low sort of growl. A big, dark, burly man stood up and called out savagely,

"T' — with your text! We don't want none o' yer — brotherin' neither. We give ye jist five minutes t' hit the trail fer town, an' we don't want t' see yer pie-face around here again." The young minister was in a way prepared for this outburst. He was very calm as he replied,

"I do not wish to be offensive to anyone. But, you came

here of your own accord. I stand before you as a friend to talk with you, and I intend to remain. If any of you wish to withdraw, I will give you time to do so before I begin." He stopped with his arms folded across his chest and waited. The big voice at the back bellowed out,

"D'ye hear 'im, boys? D'ye hear his holiness? He'll give us time t' leave. By gad! That's a joke. Five minutes, sissy-boy. Ye heard our terms. Yer time's agoin', too." The big clumsy hand held a watch. The murmur had ceased. The tick of the watch could be heard over the room. Ralph Woods still stood with his arms crossed on his broad chest facing that crowd of half drunken miners. He knew it was a critical moment but he did not flinch.

"One more minute," warned the leader. "Hain't ye goin' t' budge?"

"No, I am not going to budge," the young man replied in a tone that would have moved a less brutal mob.

"Ye hain't? Well, we'll budge ye then! Come on, boys." There was yell of savage satisfaction and the men rushed toward the minister.

In a quick movement at a side door Woods saw a young girl dart between him and his persecutors.

"For shame!" cried Harrie Lee. "Nick Tupples, don't ye come another inch! Hain't ye got a speck o' decency left? Ye cowards, to pounce down on one defenseless feller like a pack o' wolves!" The men had stopped in surprise, but soon an angry murmur filled the room again. The big leader turned to the girl.

"Come off, Harrie. What ye givin' us? Ye know we don't want no long-faced piosity around here. Let us go. We'll promise not t' hurt 'im if ye say. Come on boys. We'll jist show his holiness the trail back t' Mohavy." There was another movement forward, but the girl stood her ground.

"Don't ye come one inch. There's the door. Git out, every one o' ye!" She stood there in the dim light like a commanding genius. The men hesitated, then, with muttered dissatisfaction, followed their leader from the room.

Woods had watched the strange performance scarcely realizing that he was the cause of it all. When the last man had disappeared he turned to look at the girl who had such power over these hardened men. She had disappeared as suddenly as she had come. He waited a few moments hoping she would return. Standing there alone in the deserted mess-house he felt a sudden depression of spirits. What if he should fail in his mission as he had failed tonight. He straightened up, a gleam of determination lighted his splendid features. No, he would

not fail! He would win those men no matter what the cost. He would not let himself be outdone by a simple mountain girl. He felt a vague resentment toward her for saving him. Where had she gone anyhow? He must at least thank her for her timely interference and he had hoped to win her as an ally. Evidently she was not coming back, so at last he walked consolately from the room.

A week after the attempted meeting found Woods comfortably located in a couple of small rooms in Channing's cabin. He had not tried another meeting yet, having decided to get acquainted with the boys individually first, and convince them of his object and ability to help them. So far, however, he had met only rebuffs and tantalizing sneers. He was feeling just a little discouraged as he sat on the porch of the superintendent's house and going over for the hundredth time, all that had transpired since his arrival at the camp. He must think of some new plan to help his cause.

The girl, Harrie, had persistently eluded him. Perhaps this contributed more to the young man's unpleasant frame of mind than he would care to own. He had caught glimpses of her on several occasions and had hastened to join her, but always she had escaped. He had learned that she and her brother still lived in the old trapper's cabin over the ridge, a half mile from the camp, and that she assisted Mrs. O'Hara who had charge of the bunk-house. Woods finally decided that he would visit the girl in her home and find out why she shunned him. It seemed strange, since she had such an interest in the miners herself and knew that his purpose was also for their improvement. He could see now that Channing had been right. If he wished to succeed, he must win the favor of Harrie Lee.

"Hello. Your face is long enough for two ministers. What's the matter?" laughed Channing coming up to the porch.

"Oh, nothing, I guess. Only it seems like I'm wasting a lot of time. I have not made a single friend among my parish yet. That 's enough to make a fellow's face long, isn't it? A whole week and not a thing in my favor."

"Oh, come now. You're expecting too much. The very fact that you have been here a whole week without being invited to a tar-and-feather party is sign enough that you are good for the job. Besides, I have some good news for you. Harrie is on your side. I overheard some of the boys talking, today. She has really persuaded them to give you a chance. And a chance is all you need."

"Well, she hasn't given me a chance herself yet," protested Woods. "I've been trying all week to find a chance to thank

her for saving my scalp last Thursday, but she shuns me like I might be a leper." Channing laughed.

"You'll get used to Harrie," he consoled. Just then there was a whoop and a snatch of a song as a half dozen of the miners came racing down from the works toward the bunk-house. The young minister looked at them wistfully. He felt like he was an outcast instead of them. Behind the main crowd came Harrie between Nick Tupples and Loco Bill.

"I say," began Woods, then paused as if wondering how to go on. "It is—do you think it—proper—that is—do you think it—safe for that girl to go around with the miners alone like she does?" Channing looked at his friend and read the concern back of the inquiry.

"Of course, it would not be thought *proper* in a conventional circle, but it's *safe*. The boys are a tough bunch, take them as a whole, but there is not a man among them that would not defend little Harrie's virtue with his life. You haven't heard about the Dude, I guess?" Woods shook his head and Channing went on.

"He was a nephew or something of old Newman's. Came out here for his health about four years ago. Harrie was about sixteen then, but as much the favorite of the boys as she is now. Well, young Newman, the Dude as the boys named him, got to blowing one night about the sport he was going to have with Harrie. Loco Bill I think it was, asked him if he intended to marry her and take her back east. The Dude haw-hawed at the very idea. He wanted to know what they took him for, if they thought he'd marry a squaw. That was enough. It was Nick Tupples himself who called the young Lothario. He brought his rough, dark face close to the pink and white of the Dude's cheek. 'If yer intentions wuz good, I wouldn't hev nuthin' t' say agin yer goin' t' see Harrie, tho I'd pity 'er taste if she let ye in. But yer intentions is rotten, that's easy. So ye don't go nary step toward the cabin.' The Dude laughed. He was not used to having his motives questioned. He put on his coat and reached for his hat. 'Whar ye goin?' demanded Nick. 'To spend the evening with Miss Lee,' the Dude answered with a deep bow. 'I guess not. Don't ye take one step in the direction o' the ridge.' Well, the Dude took one step, but it cost him an arm. Nick's bullet pierced his shoulder and his arm had to be removed as his system was in poor condition to fight a wound. That's the nearest I ever knew of Harrie having unpleasant advances made to her. And she never knew of that. Later, when she was punishing Nick with her displeasure over what she thought was some drunken grudge, he took his dose with a meekness you



would never suspect, and forbade the boys letting out so much as a hint of the real cause of the fracas."

Channing left Woods to think over this new side to the characters of these rough miners, and the young minister was forced to admit there were some things in their code of morals above reproach; things that many polished men of his acquaintance might adopt with profit.

\* \* \* \* \*

Three months had passed since Ralph Woods first made his way to the Good Luck mining camp. He was feeling less despondent now. Most of the men had let him through the wall of prejudice which had shut him out at first. There were Nick Tupples and a half dozen followers, however, who had not yet been reached, and they did all they could to make it unpleasant for the preacher. Woods and Harrie Lee were on excellent terms now, and worked together for the boys.

On Ralph's first visit to the girl's home he was surprised to find two sides of her largest room lined with books. There were the best works from the best authors on literature, history, philosophy and religion.

After his first exclamation of surprise and delight, he had turned to the girl half reproachfully.

"What a treasure you have hidden here! Why didn't you tell me of your wealth? The one thing I hated to leave at home was my books and the libraries. However did you get such a collection in this out-of-the-way place?" For the moment he had forgotten the little part of the girl's history he had heard and did not notice the dull flush that covered her face.

"They was my father's," she said simply and tried to draw her visitor away. But he was not to be cajoled from his find.

"How you must revel in them," he went on, taking out first one volume, then another. The flush on the girl's face grew deeper.

"I—I—can't—read a word in—any of 'em," she said with a slow effort. Then added as he looked at her in blank surprise, "Daddy died when I was four years old." The man remembered now, and hated himself for the embarrassment he had caused her. He recovered from his astonishment quickly, and exclaimed earnestly, "What splendid times we will have while you are learning." A pathetic wistfulness came into his companion's face.

"Honest, could I learn? Hain't I too old yet?" Woods laughed.

"You'll be able to read in less than a month," he promised her, and he was right.

Every day he spent a few hours with her, and in the

evenings the boys would come up from the camp and listen while he read aloud. After that much was accomplished. He began special courses for the men. Channing and a couple of the shift-bosses assisted him and the night school flourished.

Still Nick Tupples remained on the outside and, as always with such a man, he had his following. There were probably two reasons for Nick's attitude. In the first place he resented what he termed "the minister takin' Harrie away from the boys." "She was as good as a minister herself, an' all we needed," he complained. "Now she's started this fool readin' business we don't never git a sight o' her." The other reason was the falling off in the crowd that had always frequented Nick's bar in the evenings. The night classes and reading circle at Harrie's took in all but a few of Nick's old standbys and he did not like the change.

\* \* \* \* \*

One day, in early fall, Woods made his way to Harrie's cabin intending to borrow a book and return to his rooms to look up a special subject for one of the night classes. It was a beautiful day, the beginning of the Indian Summer, and the slope of the mountain seemed specially inviting. He had received the book and stood looking at the changing tints of the mountain. Harrie watched him.

"Sometime, when you are not busy," she said presently, "I want to take you to a cave up yonder on the first ridge. It is full of dear memories to me. My father loved it. He used to spend hours with me there, reading and telling me stories. I go there often to dream them over. It seems to open another world to me."

Woods followed the long statement with his critic's ear, marveling at the advancement his pupil had made in so short a time. She seldom relapsed now, into the ungrammatical speech she had used when first he knew her. Every day she seemed more eager to learn.

"Why not go now?" he asked presently, forcing his mind from the comparison he had been making. She hesitated a moment, then said, "If you have time?"

"Sure. I was just wanting an excuse to go on a tramp. How the mountains call one this time of the year."

Harrie went into the house for her hat. When she joined him, Woods noticed that she carried a book he had loaned her some time before. It was *The Melting Pot*, by Zangwill.

They climbed the steep trail saying little to each other. The man divined that there was something more than usual on the girl's mind, and he knew she would tell him when she was ready. Perhaps it was some new plan about the boys. Most

of the moves they had made had been first her inspiration. Just now they were figuring on a combined gymnasium and reading room to be built in connection with the new church.

"The cave is just around the next little bend," the girl said finally, as if apologizing for taking him so far.

"Is it the one they call 'Trapper's Cave'?" he asked. He had learned that she did not like to talk of her parents, and he seldom alluded to them. She had never mentioned her mother, and Woods vaguely guessed why.

"Yes, it is the Trapper's Cave. My father found it. It is called for him."

They walked on again in silence. Soon it came in sight, a large opening into the red-brown side of the mountain. The formation was peculiar. The first layer of red sandstone gave way to a deeper one of white, so that the interior of the little room was almost as white as an enameled wall. Wild clematis made a drapery over part of the opening, and ferns grew at the side of the ledge. Indeed, it would be hard to find a more picturesque nook in the whole mountain.

"Why, this is a perfect little paradise!" Woods exclaimed appreciatively. "I don't wonder that you love to come here." They had gone inside, and Ralph led the way to a niche that had been hewn in one wall for a seat. He sat down but the girl remained standing.

He had never seen her so grave, and was about to ask for the cause, when she held out the book she had been carrying and demanded, "Is it true, Mr. Woods? Tell me, is there a Melting Pot where the black can be made white?" He looked up into her tragic young face and guessed what she was suffering. Somehow, he did not know what to say.

The girl burst out again, "You don't understand. How could you? But surely you have heard, Mr. Woods, that my mother was—an—Indian woman." He saw the shiver that passed over her frame. She went on passionately.

"She was a good woman. I know that I am not even worthy of *her* or I would not feel as I do. I love her, but oh, not as I should love a mother. You will hate me when I say it, but—I—I am—ashamed of my mother! You have known it all the time. You must have known it. I have never mentioned her before to you, but I knew you could not have been in the camp an hour without hearing the hateful words, 'But she is a—half-breed.' They have always been good to me, the boys, but they could never forget *that*. A half-breed! The hateful word has gnawed into my heart ever since I came to know what it meant. Sometimes I cannot believe it is so. I come here and recall every second of my life and I half convince myself that there

is a deep mystery somewhere. Then I know that such thoughts are but my imagination, and that all the dreams in the world cannot change it. I can never be anything but a—half-breed!" The man was touched and began to speak, but she gestured him to wait.

"When I read this book I began to look at it differently and to be ashamed of the way I had felt toward my race. Tell me, is it true? Can an Indian, a half-breed, become a real being, something of importance in the world? If that is so, I will work for my race. I will no longer be ashamed of Billie, all the time seeing new, disgusting Indian traits in him. I will work for him and my people to help make the dream of the Melting Pot come true."

"Why, Miss Harrie, of course it is true," the young minister began, keeping his voice steady with an effort. "What difference does race make? We are all God's children. It is the individual, the soul that matters, and nothing else in the world should count."

"Oh, but it does!" she protested vehemently. "If I had all the chance in the world that sentence would follow and condemn me, 'But she is a half-breed.' It is the sins of the fathers, and the children cannot get away from it, no matter how unjust it may seem. I'm sure the man who wrote this book was wrong, much as I've hoped and prayed he was right. There is no melting pot that can change the individual, that can make me anything but a despised half-breed."

Slowly and earnestly the minister tried to show the girl the real meaning of the book; that it was not a question of individual gain, this refining in the great melting pot of the nations, but of the bringing forth from the mixture of races one finer than all. He saw that she understood. Her face had become very white and calm.

At last she spoke with a slow effort, "I see. I read into the book all my own tragedy. I am only one little drop in the great melting pot that does not really matter at all."

He tried to protest, but she would not listen, "Don't bother to try to make it seem different than it is. In your kind pity for me I can see you would like to make it easier. It does not matter, and I thank you for the book anyhow. I hope—it has made a better—half-breed of me, at least." She gave a pitiful little laugh that made Woods long to comfort her.

"I shall try to stop minding," she went on a little haltingly. "I shall try not to dream how it would seem to be like other people." She turned and started from the cave.

"Please, Miss Harrie," pleaded Woods, "don't think of it like that. You are one of the finest women God ever made.

Do not hinder the noble work you are doing by brooding over an insignificant thing like race. Can't you see that it is only the soul, the personality that matters?" She tried to give him a grateful smile, but he could see she was still fighting out her battle. They walked down to her cabin in silence.

When they reached the door, she turned to him with well feigned brightness and said, "I have invited Nick up to supper, Thursday. Won't you come, too? Maybe if we double our attack we'll win him." She laughed, but Woods felt that the laugh was not genuine, and his heart ached for her.

Ralph came to Harrie's cabin Thursday, as she had directed, but Nick did not appear. They spent most of the afternoon reading a new book on modern Christianity.

Woods reached into his pocket for pencil and paper to make a note when he exclaimed suddenly, "Why, bless my soul, if I didn't forget to tell you the news. My Uncle and Aunt are coming out to spend Christmas with me," and he drew a letter from his pocket. Harrie was all interest.

"We must begin right now to get ready," she declared. "We will show them how indispensable you are to the camp, and maybe convert them to remain." Ralph laughed as he tried to picture his Aunt Polly giving an afternoon tea in Good Luck.

*(To be continued)*

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## Spring

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Brightly beams the fair spring morning  
On the budding trees and flowers;  
Little modest primrose, peeping,  
Gathers beauty from the showers.

Sweet and pure the pearly snowdrops  
Open bravely one by one,  
Shyly lifting drooping eyelids  
To the warmth of noonday sun;

And bright-eyed, golden crocuses,  
Struggling from their earthy bed,  
Rise to life and early blossom,  
As the dew drops on their head.

Spring unfolds its emerald mantle,  
As the bird prepares her nest.  
All the earth is fresh and smiling,  
Joyous after winter's rest.

*Hanna, Utah.*

*Hannah Ward Bennett.*

# The United States and Germany

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By Dr. Joseph M. Tanner

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Soon after the outbreak of the great war the Germans declared the North Sea a war zone, and threatened vessels carrying on trade in the regions of her so-called blockade. The German note was of such a character as to challenge the rights of neutral nations, and especially the international law which gives the passengers and crew of a merchant ship the right to be landed and properly cared for before the ship is sunk, even if the warring nation has the right to sink it. When the *Lusitania* was sunk, the fact that over a hundred American citizens lost their lives through the failure of the German submarine to care for the passengers before sinking the ship, gave rise to intense excitement throughout the United States. Other ships were subsequently sunk, and the same principle of international law was invoked against Germany.

Finally, after the sinking of the ship *Sussex*, the United States, through its President, warned Germany that a repetition of such conduct would result in the severance of diplomatic relations between the two countries. Germany finally assented to the demands made upon her by the United States, and promised indemnity for the loss of American lives taken unlawfully upon the high seas.

Germany, however, in her concessions to the United States, was insistent that the United States compel Great Britain to cease its blockade stoppage of the mails and interruptions of freight. To this the United States replied that Germany's trouble with Great Britain was a matter between these latter two countries, and that American rights upon the high seas could not be jeopardized by Germany because of any wrong that Great Britain might be committing. Besides, the United States occupied a position toward Great Britain that had in it some embarrassment, from the fact that the very acts of which the United States was complaining had been committed toward Great Britain during the Civil war in this country.

Later, the question of armed merchant vessels came up, and the controversy which arose out of it is now leading to the gist of the contention between our country and Germany. It has been an accepted principle of international law that a merchant man might carry a gun on the ship to protect itself in case of

attack by warring vessels, and in the effort of the merchantman to make its escape, it might fire upon its enemy. In the beginning, Germany seemed to contend that if a merchantman were armed, it could be attacked and sunk without warning. When, however, the proposition arose to put a gun both in front and at the rear of the merchantman—fore and aft, as it is called by sailors—Germany protested, and declared that it would regard all such ships as auxiliary war vessels which it might sink without notice.

Our government has taken the stand that guns carried fore and aft are within the rules prescribed by international law, on the ground that the principle by which a merchantman might defend itself, and especially from a submarine, allowed armament at both ends of the vessel, due to the fact that a submarine might emerge from the water in front of the ship; and that, unless a merchantman were permitted to arm itself in front, its legal protection by international law in the matter of armament would be of little or no value. On this point the United States and Germany are directly at variance. It will be remembered that some time ago, one of these merchantmen armed fore and aft was seized, and sixty-four American citizens on it were made prisoners of war. If such a ship were a war-ship, the Germans had a perfect right to make those on it prisoners of war. If not, all that the Germans could do, in taking them from the ship, was to place them in a position of safety. Germany, however, acceded to the demand that these sixty-four Americans be released, on the ground that the seizure was prior to the blockade ordered by Germany to take place February 1 of this year.

When the Teutons marked out a large zone extending from Spain in the south, westward far out into the Atlantic, then northward, so as to cut off all of Great Britain, France, and the Scandinavian countries, they directly, by the terms of this blockade, abrogated their promise to the United States that they would respect the principles of international law for which the latter country had been contending. This gave rise to two distinct objections:

First, a blockade, to be recognized by international law, must be an effectual one, and this the Germans could not claim merely from the presence of submarines within that zone.

In the next place, Germany withdrew her pledge to the United States, and announced her intention to wage an unrestricted campaign against all vessels found within that zone. This led immediately, on Feb. 3, to the severance of diplomatic relations between the two countries. War, of course, did not follow, but was contingent upon some overt act on the part of Germany, before the United States could declare war. This

government stands upon its rights of the so-called freedom of the seas, and refused to grant a convoy of warships to merchantmen sailing from the United States to Great Britain, on the ground that Germany's blockade and submarine program were entirely illegal, and that if through such a blockade an overt act in violation of American rights were committed, it would be immediate cause for war.

A most remarkable condition has arisen, due to the fact that a large number of American citizens, who might be drafted into the war in case of conscription, are of German birth. If war were declared between the two countries, a most embarrassing complication would arise for these so-called German-Americans, and people naturally ask the question whether they would be willing to fight for the country of their adoption, for the Stars and Stripes. Doubtless a large majority of them are sincerely patriotic in their allegiance to our institutions and our flag. But what of war? It would be a most painful thing to require them to fight against their Fatherland, and especially if they were compelled to fight side by side with the English in the trenches of eastern France. Imagine how such citizens of our country would feel! The Germans have inherited a hatred for England. They have been taught in their public schools to hold the English in contempt, and the present cruel war has greatly increased German hatred for the people of Great Britain. "God punish England" was long the battle-cry in Germany. Of course, the logical thing is not always the usual thing. In our relations with Germany, due regard will always be shown for citizens among us who are either descendants of Germans, or themselves born in Germany. Whatever they may feel for France, or for England, or for Russia, they must stand by the nation that has been to them a country of great opportunities and enlarged freedom, and it is very easy to imagine that, should war break out, any public demonstrations of disloyalty for America would meet with the most drastic punishment.

The situation is full of anomalies. It is easy to speculate on what might happen. What will happen, it is not easy to predict. It is unthinkable that Germany would deliberately provoke the people of the United States to war. The situation is moreover intense, because so many things may happen to bring on war, and because the Germans are desperately enraged over the refusal of the Allies to concede peace.

A curious comparison comes to mind: When the great Napoleon escaped from the island of Elba to marshal the armies of France that finally went down at Waterloo, he had overrun Germany in the most ruthless manner. He had met his defeat finally, and had been banished to Elba. On his escape, he sent out proclamations of peace. He was willing to devote himself



to the domestic affairs of his own nation, and all other nations of Europe to pursue their own courses without any interruption whatever from him. He was, indeed, anxious for peace, but the Prussians and the Russians and the Austrians distrusted him, and immediately began the collection of their armies, to end forever the terror into which the great Napoleon had plunged all Europe for so many years.

Napoleon, in all his military achievements, never reached the military greatness which Germany has acquired within recent years.

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## A Friend

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We may see the gold of the setting sun  
Away in the west as the course is run;  
Catch its shadows, its softness, its brilliant lights—  
As it rises to other lands.

We may see the mountains in lordly strength,  
As they near their crests to the blue sky's length;  
See the crimson of flowers or dark pearl snow,  
As the nearness or distance may bring.

We may see the silver of mountain stream,  
Where the darting trout and the "wish" stones gleam,  
See the light in the eyes of the startled doe  
Betrayed by the solitude.

And it all leaves its impress on the soul,  
As memory pictures them scroll upon scroll,  
Sometimes in the pause of a hurried life—  
When the toil of the day is done.

But the gold of the sun and the mountain's strength,  
With its silvery stream and beauty length,  
Are to me what your friendship has always been,  
While we traveled our several ways.

I have caught the beauty of deeds well done,  
The warmth of your love when all else seemed gone;  
The struggling of strength against strength I have known,—  
In this friendship of yours and mine.

And I know I shall picture them all again,  
The beautiful colors your soul contains,  
Feel the wonderful thrill as they rise again—  
When the toil of all days is done!

*Olive M. Dunn*

*Sacramento, California*

# EDITORS' TABLE



## Elder Stephen L. Richards

Stephen L. Richards was nominated by President Joseph F. Smith, unanimously sustained by the Council as a member of the Council of Twelve, and ordained an apostle by President Joseph F. Smith, on Thursday, January 18, 1917.

Elder Stephen L. Richards was born June 18, 1879, at Mendon, Cache county, and is the son of Dr. Stephen Longstroth Richards and Emma Louisa Stayner Richards. He is a grandson of Willard Richards, who was with Joseph the prophet at the martyrdom, and who was one of the early pioneers of Utah; and of Arthur Stayner, a man of business affairs in the early history of the West, and the man to whom the establishment of sugar works in Utah is largely indebted.

Elder Richards, who has held all the offices in the priesthood except Seventy, from the first has taken great interest in Church activities, having worked in the Sugar House ward in both the Sunday School and Y. M. M. I. A., and as a member of the choir and as ward teacher. In Pleasant View, and Malad, Idaho, he acted as Sunday School teacher; also in Malad as superintendent of the Religion Class. While studying law at Ann Arbor, Michigan, and at Chicago, he took active part with students and members of the Church in religious work. In the Granite and Salt Lake stakes he acted as stake aid in the Y. M. M. I. A., as teacher in the 17th ward Sunday school, and in the latter stake as assistant superintendent of Sunday schools. While a resident of Murray, Salt Lake county, he was a member of the building committee, and a class leader in the Y. M. M. I. A., and a member of the Granite stake Sunday school board. Following the death of Elder George Reynolds, he was appointed second assistant general superintendent of the Sunday School Union, April 6, 1908, having previously been a member of the Board since October, 1906. He is a member of the Priesthood Study committee, also of the Board of Control of the Deseret Gymnasium.

In business he has been employed by the Co-op. Wagon and Machine Company and other institutions in Salt Lake City, and has served as officer and director in a number of business corporations. In Tooele he engaged in farming, and in Oneida county, Idaho, in ranching.

In his educational and professional activities he was a student at St. Mary's Academy, the Farmington public schools, Davis stake Academy, Salt Lake county and city schools, the L. D. S. University, the Salt Lake high school, and the universities of Utah, Michigan and Chicago. He graduated from the law school of the Chicago University. He has also acted as principal of the Malad city public schools, and for the past thirteen years has been a successful practicing attorney in Salt Lake City, having also served as a member of the law faculty of the University of Utah.

Elder Richards is a young man of pronounced ability, clear judgment, and wide experience. His training, education, and natural endowments eminently fit him for the high office of apostle whereunto the Lord has called him. He possesses a pleasing personality and winning ways, and in bearing is gentlemanly, courteous and considerate. He has a strong, abiding and unimpeachable testimony of the divine mission of Jesus Christ, and of the restoration of the gospel of the Master to the Prophet Joseph Smith. His love for the truth and for the work of the Lord abounds. With these qualifications, he must not fail to be a pillar of power and strength to his quorum and to the Church, in this his new calling as a special witness of Jesus Christ in all the world.

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### The Blessing of Children

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This question comes to the *Era*:

"If a baby is blessed by its father at home, when it is eight days old, should it afterwards be taken to Fast meeting on Fast day and blessed there? If so, of which blessing should the official record be made by the ward clerk?"

If a baby is blessed by its father at home, a note should be made of the blessing in the family record; but to comply with the requirements of the revelation in regard to the blessing of children, found in section 20, paragraph 70, Doctrine and Covenants, it will also be necessary to take the child "unto the elders before the Church" which is generally done in fast meeting. It is evidently intended that the record to be made in the ward shall be of the public blessing. The paragraph reads:

"Every member of the Church of Christ having children, is to bring them unto the elders before the Church, who are to lay their hands upon them in the name of Jesus Christ, and bless them in his name."

This example of public blessing was set by the Lord Jesus, as recorded in the New Testament, and also in the Book of Mor-

mon, III Nephi 17:11-13, 23, 24. In these examples the blessing was done publicly, and that is the method that should be pursued by the parents who have children among the Latter-day Saints. This does not imply that a father should not bless his child when eight days of age, neither does it imply that a record should not be made of such blessing, for we believe that it is not only the privilege but the duty of the father to so bless his child, also to record the blessing in his family record. But the blessing of which the Church takes cognizance is the blessing that is given when the child is brought "unto the elders before the Church." It becomes the blessing of public record. Of course, in case of any inability to have the child taken before the public, for any cause, the blessing which the father gives becomes official when reported to the bishop, and it should be recorded in the ward records, but this would be the exception, and not the general rule.

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### The End of Booze

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The Webb-Kenyon Law, providing that liquor shall not be shipped into any state contrary to the will of that state, was recently upheld by the Supreme Court of the United States by a vote of seven to two. Before this law became effective, as it has been heretofore pointed out in the *Era*, the nation was placed in a position of almost active co-operation with those who desired to interfere with the efforts of the various states to exercise their undoubted powers over the sale of liquor within their boundaries. With the law in question now in force, and with a state law in operation, the state line is the end of booze. Shipments of liquor can not now claim exemption by posing as interstate commerce. In announcing the decision of the Supreme Court, Chief Justice White said, according to press reports:

"The purpose of this act was to cut out by the roots, the practice of permitting violation of state liquor laws. We can have no doubt that Congress has complete authority to prevent paralyzing the state authority. Congress exerted a power to co-ordinate the National with the State authority."

In commenting upon the decision the *Outlook* says:

"We trust that the time will come when Congress, in exercising this right, to prevent the paralyzing of state authority, will go further, and actively sustain the state authorities in their efforts to carry out the liquor laws upon their books. There is no reason why it should not be made as great an offense against the Federal Government to use a federal license in order to sell liquor, contrary to the wishes of a state government, as it now

is for moonshiners to make and sell liquor which does not pay a federal tax."

The conditions named above should materially aid the governor and state officials of Utah in the execution of the new prohibition law recently passed by the legislature and effective on the first of August next.

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### "An Idyl of the Westland"

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A delightful evening was spent by the General Boards of the Young Men's and Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Associations and a number of invited guests on the afternoon of January 31, in listening to the reading of Bishop Orson F. Whitney's new and splendid poem entitled, *An Idyl of the Westland*. The reading which occupied three hours was interspersed with beautiful musical selections,—vocal, by Miss Margaret Summerhays; piano, by Miss Margaret Whitney, and a violin solo by Miss Melba S. Lindsay. The interpretation of the theme by Bishop Whitney was in every way all that one could expect even from as talented and able a man as he is upon the rostrum. It was like music to the entranced listener. As an introduction, Bishop Whitney gave the following synopsis of the story:

"The purpose of this poem is to combat the atheistic notions that are creeping into the minds of many of our young people, owing to their indoctrination in the so-called 'Higher Criticism.' To make it attractive to the youth, the poem is put in the form of a love story, so that the reader, while absorbing the romance, will partake necessarily of the instruction—the doctrine and philosophy that the author wishes to present. The poetic narrative is in seven parts, entitled: (1) Maid and Lover; (2) The Meeting; (3) Separation; (4) Return; (5) Disillusion; (6) Despair; (7) Illumination.

"The heroine is a western girl, born and reared in the region of the Rocky Mountains; beautiful and accomplished, but tinged with atheism, imbibed at the college where she completed her education. The hero is a New Englander, a Harvard graduate; not a member of any church, nor a subscriber to any particular creed, though an ardent admirer of Jesus the Nazarene. His vocation, like hers, is that of teacher. The New England youth and the narrator of the story were college chums, and it is through the latter that the former, while on a visit to the West, becomes acquainted with the young woman whom he recognizes as his fate. He falls in love at once, but her affection is slower to awaken. In fact, she has no inclination toward men and matrimony.

"Chilled with ices intellectual,  
Loved she books, but loved no lover.

"The meeting between hero and heroine takes place at an educational banquet near her native village. It no sooner occurs than a separation

ensues, an urgent message summoning him to the bedside of his dying father. The greater part of a year passes, and he again sets face toward the Rocky Mountains, seeking not rest and recreation, as before, but bent upon seeing once more the lady of his love. He is now alone in the world, so far as kindred are concerned, both his parents having passed away. Through association with his Western friends, his attention has been drawn to the teachings of the modern Prophet, and he is now a thorough convert to the religion of Jesus Christ. Having found the priceless treasure of Eternal Truth, he is anxious to share his good fortune with the one so dear to him. But on arriving amid the scenes where he last beheld her, he is disappointed to learn that she no longer dwells there. The family, becoming suddenly rich, have taken up their abode in a distant city, where she now reigns, a social queen, in the midst of wealth and splendor. He follows her and pleads his cause, but unsuccessfully; and in an extended dialogue the pros and cons of the great problem dividing them—the problem of atheism verses religion—are set forth. So wide is the gulf between them, that they part; he to enlist for the war then breaking out—the war with Spain; she to resume her fashionable career, of which, however, she soon sickens and returns to her western home.

"She now begins to love, and resolves to write to her absent hero, who is winning laurels in the Philippines. But the resolution is no sooner formed than she is stricken down with a fatal illness. Wasting away until the veil is thin between her and the spirit world, she has a vision in which she converses with the Savior, and is melted into complete contrition, craving and receiving the divine pardon. Her lover returns, disconsolate; she sends for him, and he hastens to her side. Avowing her faith to be the same as his, she confesses her love, and with her dying breath pledges an eternal union with him in the great hereafter."

To all who have read Bishop Whitney's writings, it is sufficient to say that this poem stands very high, if not first, among the numerous and striking productions of his facile pen. In many respects it is of more human interest than any he has before written, from the fact that it is in story form and treats of topics of present importance to the young people. We trust that the work will soon be published and receive the large circulation that it certainly deserves among the intelligent readers of the Westland.

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## Messages from the Missions

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### *The Power of God Manifested*

Dan M. Dalton and William P. Meldrum, Wichita, Kansas, "In Wichita in the St. Johns conference, we have a Sunday school and preaching service, held each Sunday. Many friends and investigators attend as well as the regular members. Recently we held a number of meetings and baptized four members. Elder J. Smith Gibbons officiated. As he

came out of the water his face shone with light and continued to shine through our sacrament and testimony meeting. The power of God has also been manifest through the anointing of oil and the laying on of hands. We have been very successful with our street meetings, which have been well attended. Hundreds have crowded to hear us proclaim the wonderful truths of the gospel. At times we have been unable to supply the large crowds with tracts and pamphlets. We preach the Book of Mormon and testify of the divine mission of Joseph Smith the prophet, who restored it. People crowd about us at the close of meeting to get our literature. The elders laboring here are J. Smith Gibbons, St. Johns, Arizona; William Parley Meldrum, Raymond, Canada; and Dan M. Dalton, Manassa, Colorado.



### A Trip Without Purse or Scrip

In the great missionary work of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints now in progress among the nations of the earth, proclaiming a restoration of the gospel of Christ to the earth to prepare the world for the Millennial reign of our Savior, the words of Christ as recorded by Matthew 24:14, "And this gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations: and then shall the end come," are rapidly being fulfilled.

In the Branch of the Church established at Bathurst, 150 miles inland from Sydney, great opportunities are afforded the elders in going into the country districts to fulfil the words quoted by Matthew.

Elder Merrill and myself have just returned from a very profitable trip in the Blue Mountain districts, traveling as the apostles of old "two and two," visiting all people, depending upon their hospitality through the Spirit of the Lord, to preach the "Glad Tidings of Great Joy." We traveled from



*Left: Carl G. Merrill, Thatcher, Ariz.; right, James P. Clayton, Provo, Utah*

Bathurst through the towns of Wambool, O'Connell, Oberon, and Edith, holding many meetings and finding the people very hospitable and eager to learn of the message of love. From Edith we visited the world famous Jeulan caves, which offer an attraction of ages of the work of nature, and the underground river, forming beautiful caves of crystal formations, to attract thousands of tourists annually, and here we made friends, many of whom were interested in our work.

In our travels we became acquainted with Mr. D. S. Todd of Essington,

N. S. W., whose wife Letitia Connelly Todd, now deceased, and her sister Mary D. Connelly Brooks, are first cousins to Elizabeth Victoria Steele, the first white child born in the Salt Lake Valley, July, 1847. The following is from a letter of John Campbell Steele to Mrs. Todd, dated Toquerville, Utah, Aug. 2, 1897: "I have been a minister of the gospel of Jesus for 55 years and preached the same in England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, and the Isle of Man, and have convinced many of the error of their ways." \* \* \* "I have just returned from a long journey to Salt Lake, 300 miles distant, where we as a state were celebrating the semi-centennial of our arrival in these valleys. I was one of the first pioneers and was presented with a badge and gold medal; highest honors were paid to all old pioneers. My daughter Elizabeth was honored with a badge and medal as the first white child born in these valleys 1,000 miles from civilization."

Mr. Todd is an ardent student of the *Improvement Era*, *Deseret News*, *Liahona*, and other papers giving information on Utah and the work of the Latter-day Saints and from this basis gives many lectures, which are instrumental in destroying the prejudice existing against our work.

At Wiseman's Creek, Mr. Todd had announced a lecture on Utah and "Mormonism" in the Town Hall. We were privileged to speak to a large

audience upon the great work of the latter days. From here we traveled through Essington, Rockley, Georges Plains, Perthville, holding many meetings and distributing literature among many people; from here we returned to Bathurst, having covered over two hundred miles; held a meeting and left for Orange, some sixty miles west, to open a branch of the Church and continue the good work among these people. Although in the world the indifference to matters of religion is made manifest everywhere, we feel the work



Left: Letitia Connelly Todd, died July 29, 1913;  
right, Mary D. Connelly Brooks

of the Lord is progressing. We gain much good from reading the *Era*, and enjoy reading of the missionary labors in other parts of the world, and it does seem as if the time is nigh at hand for the fulfilment of Matthew 24:14.—James P. Clayton, Presiding Elder, Bathurst and Orange Branches, N. S. Wales, Australia.

### A Thriving Branch in Iowa

Following is the photo of the Tri-city branch of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Davenport, Iowa, East Iowa conference, including Superintendent of the Sunday School, Ira J. McKell, Spanish Fork, Utah; Assistant Jacob Scholtse, Rock Island; Second Assistant Harvey Millman, Davenport, Iowa; Lillian Griffin, Newton; Florence Child, Roy; Conference Persident John Olsen, Logan, Utah; Ralph W. Reed, Sanford, Colorado; Retiring Conference President O. W. Ursenbach, Lethbridge, Canada; T. C.





Jeppson, Archer, Idaho. "We feel that much good is being accomplished by the co-operation of the Utah branch who are here studying. Among them are eight missionaries who have filled honorable missions. They take an active part in various organizations of the Church and are valuable assets in helping spread the glad tidings of salvation. The local Saints are exceptionally strong in the faith and bear testimony to the divinity of the great latter-day work, and render every assistance to the elders both temporal and spiritual."—John Olsen, President East Iowa conference.

#### *The "Era" an Efficient Missionary*

Eben J. Robinson, president of the Leeds Conference, Bradford, England, writes: "The elders in this conference acknowledge receipt of the *Era* with thanks. Its information is always passed along, and thus it becomes an efficient help in spreading and explaining the gospel."

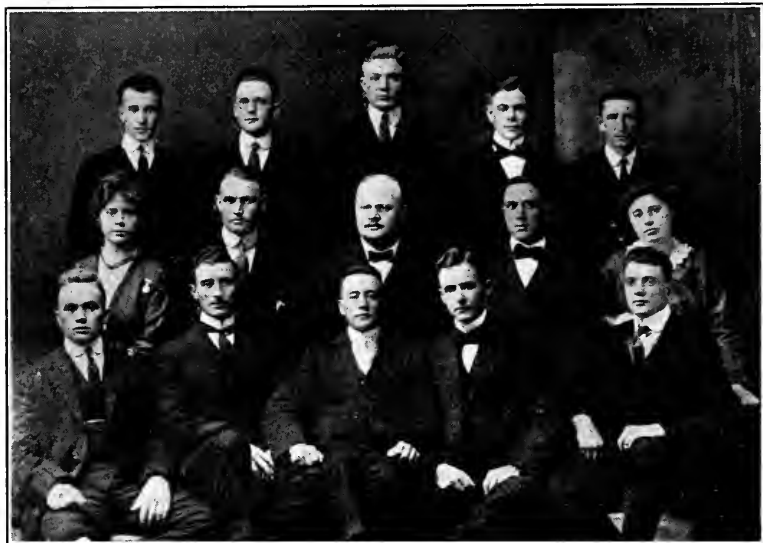
#### *The "Era" as a Text Book*

Elder J. Milton Olsen, Thames, New Zealand: "The *Improvement Era* is indeed one of our very best friends. We use it in teaching Maori boys and girls in two different towns twice a week, and also use it in teaching the boys and girls at Thames. We have in our Sunday school at Thames a regular attendance of 53 boys and girls all interested in the word of the Lord."

#### **Big Book of Mormon Sales**

Waldo W. Lyman, conference president of the South West Virginia conference, of the Eastern States Mission, writes from Charleston, West Virginia, December 26: "The year 1916 has been the banner year for this conference. The elders have labored in the country every month this year,

irrespective of snow or inclement weather. Our Book of Mormon sales have increased over 400 per cent. We have held one thousand meetings. Elders left to right, back row: G. W. Guthrie, L. H. Woolf, J. E. Horton, W. O. Andrus, R. E. Turner; middle row: Mabel Brinkerhoff, Conference



President W. W. Lyman, Mission President W. P. Monson, F. R. Smith. Emma Jacobsen; front row: A. L. Empey, L. E. Holladay, C. J. Call, A. J. Adams and A. A. Hobbs."

### *Error in Dates*

In an article entitled, "Salvation for the Dead," by Joseph F. Smith, Jr., of the Council of the Twelve, on page 198 of the January *Era*, 1917, through a misquotation there is an error in the date in which the ordinance of baptism for the dead is said to have been resumed,—November 3, 1841,—when it should have been November 21, 1841, in the font which was dedicated for that purpose on the 8th of November, 1841. Those who are interested in this historical matter should take notice of the error, and see that the right date is impressed upon the mind of the student.

### *Stray Thoughts*

Applause is the spur of noble minds, the end and aim of weak ones.—*C. C. Colton.*

He who will not accept orders has no right to give them; he who will not serve has no right to command; he who can not keep silence has no right to speak.—*Hubbard.*

There never was a right endeavor but it succeeded.—*Emerson.*

When a man is no longer anxious to do better than well, he is done for.—*Haydon.*

In the long run a man becomes what he purposes, and gains for himself what he really desires.—*Mabie.*



# PRIESTHOOD QUORUMS' TABLE

## Helpful Hints on Priesthood Activities

*By P. Joseph Jensen*

These items we have found helpful in the Aaronic Priesthood work, in the Forest Dale ward, Granite stake:

**First. Aims:** We have had in mind helping the boys to understand the principles of the gospel, and coupling those principles with action, so that young men should form such habits and live such lives as will magnify the authority they bear. Ward service in this connection has been emphasized. Three thoughts: principle-getting, living those principles, and ward service, have been constantly before our minds.

**Secondly. Organization:** The youths of the ward have been organized as the Doctrine and Covenants directs. Each presidency of the respective quorums presides, and when the official business is seen to, the officer presiding turns the quorum over to the instructor for conducting the lesson. Each quorum meets separately and has its regular instructor.

An exception that has proved helpful in connection with the Priest's quorum is as follows: Owing to the many calls on the bishop, the president of the quorum, we have selected from the quorum what is called an "executive committee" consisting of a chairman and two assistants. When the bishop cannot be present promptly, or misses a session, the committee attends to the appointments and necessary business. This arrangement is not designed to remove the responsibility from where it rightly belongs, but to facilitate matters. After the business of the quorum is transacted the lesson work is turned over to a regular instructor. This committee, in connection with a secretary, also serves as a visiting committee from whom the bishopric get much assistance in keeping up the attendance.

We have found that very much depends on the choice of presidencies. By careful and wise selection of officials, the bishopric and instructors are relieved of a large part of the responsibility. The young men take pride in keeping up their quorum attendance and work. In order to help them, the presidencies have been called together at different times, and presidency and leadership have been discussed by the bishop, the president of the stake, and others of practical experience. This is a rare field for the development of leadership. In addition to these meetings, as occasion required, the whole body of the Lesser Priesthood have met jointly and received general talks in the field of Lesser Priesthood work.

As an example of the care the bishopric take in promotion, and in setting apart to offices: the bishop called the young men into his office in groups and told them what was required of them. They were also told, in a kindly way, what habits they ought to form. Then each was permitted to express himself as to his habits and desires. This was a heart-to-heart talk between the father of the ward and some of the young men, with a view to starting them right.

An important item in organization is the calling of the instructor. In addition to the usual educational qualifications of the successful instructor, diligence, love, patience, and brotherly kindness should be his characteristics. The diligent instructor is always present, or has a prepared substitute to instruct the quorum. The members feel a steady, reliable

support in such men. The qualifications related in sections 4 and 121:41-46, of the Doctrine and Covenants are what we have aimed to find in men who teach.

We have found from experience much satisfaction in developing the real missionary spirit for the welfare of the Lesser Priesthood. Our aim has been to make a better balance between studying and doing; to take part of the time given to formal studying of the gospel and giving that time to doing something for the welfare of the ward.

Thirdly. Activity: We have found that giving the members an opportunity to express what they study, in the gatherings of the ward and stake, has a distinctive influence with them. It presents them before the eyes of the public; and performing in these gatherings has a tendency to create in them a sentiment favorable to the Latter-day Saints, more so than when the principles are only studied. The young men thus learn to lean toward the bishopric's views and to direct themselves accordingly.

The following activities have been successful, in addition to ward teaching, (1) taking care of the sacrament; (2) collecting fast donations from families who did not contribute in the fast meeting. The latter activity we consider from this viewpoint: it is a privilege for every member of the ward to contribute fast offerings, and an opportunity for the Aaronic Priesthood to call and kindly remind the family of such privilege; (3) occasionally furnishing the singing in the stake priesthood and other meetings, which gives immediate purpose to their practicing; (4) having ten or fifteen minutes of the ward priesthood meeting occupied by the Lesser Priesthood in which the point of view of the young members is expressed; (5) using active members to visit and encourage delinquent members of their quorums; (6) ushering and door-tending, which has met with fair success.

Fourthly. Time of meeting: Meeting on Sunday morning with the Sunday School, but in distinct Priesthood classes, has been very satisfactory. Many of the boys have said that they have here stronger incentive to magnify their callings. The motives for observing the Sabbath day are stronger. There is much more satisfactory response on the part of instructors. The session of the Sunday School begins at a time when temptation to stay away because of being tardy is minimized. It insures better attendance at the sacrament meeting.

In our Sunday School each department is under a supervisor. So also is the Aaronic Priesthood. With this arrangement we find no point of conflict.

#### *New Wards and Bishops*

The following new wards and changes in bishops are reported for the month of January, 1917, by the Presiding Bishop's office. The new wards organized and the bishops chosen, also changes in bishoprics are given. The Eastern States Mission address has been changed to No. 1140 Bedford Ave., Brooklyn, New York.

*New Wards and Bishops.*—Ogden 13th ward, Ogden stake, J. Howard Jenkins, bishop, address: 2343 Van Buren Ave., Ogden, Utah.

Richmond, South ward, Benson stake, James Lewis McCarrey, Richmond, Utah. LaFayette Hendricks, ward clerk.

*New Bishops.*—LaPoint ward, Uintah stake, Roy Taylor succeeded James M. Shaffer, address same.

Huntsville ward, Ogden stake, Joseph L. Peterson succeeded John Halls, address same.

Richmond ward, Benson stake, Parley Nels Nelson succeeded Thomas H. Merrill, address same.

Clawson ward, Emery stake, J. Orson Barney succeeded William Hitchcock, address same.

Granite ward, Jordan stake, Alvin A. Despain succeeded James A. Muir, address same.

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## After the Mission is Over—Then What?

*By Franklin J. Hewlett*

Two of our missionaries after receiving an honorable release from their labor of love in a foreign land, had returned home in peace to their loved ones in our dear mountain home. The first few weeks were strenuous ones, preaching to large and attentive congregations, holding them, as it were, spell-bound, not by the magic eloquence of the orator, not by the magic art of the actor, but by the word of God. They related the rich experiences gained in the mission field, in the simplest form of speech, which came direct from the Spirit of the Giver of all good. These were days of real happiness to the two young elders.

Six months later they met in a country village. Old friendships were renewed, and the clasp of the hand was given, but it was not quite as hearty as when they slept under the same blanket, ate oftimes out of the same bowl, and preached, prayed and mingled their voices in song beneath the roof of the humble cottage, or on the street corner, which many times had touched the heart-strings of humanity and brought many honest souls that were hungry and thirsty for truth to the knowledge that the Redeemer lives. Their love was likened to that of David and Jonathan of the olden time. One was doing nearly all the talking, his eyes grew brighter and brighter as tender memories of the past, the glorious things he had seen and heard while in the mission field, were painted before him in beautiful word pictures.

The other listened with marked attention, but a pained expression was discovered passing over his countenance.

"You look sad today, Elder Tracy," remarked the first. "Are the things of the world beginning to worry you?"

For a few moments there was no reply. Then the answer came in a changed voice, although in tender tones at first, but it gradually grew more bitter.

"Yes, I enjoyed my mission. It was the most pleasant and profitable three years spent in my life. I drew many pictures in my mind of the Church activities which I should take part in after my return home. My heart's desire was to be a leader in a certain auxiliary organization, but alas! my dreams were in vain. I was called to take part in another that was new to me; and if I have any talents, they are not developed in that direction.

"The new ward officials selected during my absence are not the best men and women that might be chosen.

"Working in the Church at home and preaching the gospel abroad is an entirely different proposition."

Elder Tracy stopped for a moment, as he noticed the sorrowful look on Elder James' countenance, but he continued on, "I have served my term and am thankful for it, but my faith is not strong enough to answer another call for service in the mission field. There is no interest taken in the returned missionary, only for a few weeks after the homecoming."

Elder James listened to the cold, calculating words of his former companion, while tears glistened in his large, brown eyes, which were hastily brushed aside.

Grasping his friend by one hand, while the other was placed on his shoulder, in a voice as tender as a fond mother giving advice to a wayward son, he said, "When my mission president handed me a piece of paper that I prize and hold dearer than money or fame, he said among other things, 'Elder James, I now present you with an honorable release, and may God bless you for the good work that you have accomplished in this part of the world; but remember, a true Latter-day Saint who loves the gospel of Jesus Christ, is always a missionary; be faithful, take and obey counsel from those who are placed over you. Temptations may come, but you will triumph over them, and great will be your reward in heaven.'"

Elder James paused for a moment to watch the effect of his words on his companion, which were favorable, and then continued.

"There is an awakening among the members of the Church in regard to the welfare of our returned missionaries, and I understand many stakes have found the plan worthy of consideration.

"In one of the stakes of Zion, two members of the High Council have been set apart to preside over the returned missionary committee which consists of one active elder appointed by the bishop of the ward. A record has been made of each elder when he departs, also his vocation, and on his return it is a part of their duties to aid him in obtaining employment. If it is his desire to labor along spiritual lines, in a particular organization, just a whisper to the ward committeeman will suffice to convey his wish to the proper authorities, and in nearly every case the desire of the humble returned missionary is gratified. The chairman of each ward, if so you may term him, also, of course, under the direction of the bishopric, has a Sunday night given him as returned missionary night. Every member of the ward who has fulfilled an honorable mission, no matter if it was fifty years ago, has a cordial invitation extended to be present, and to take some part in the exercises.

"The entire service is conducted by the elders, the dear old gospel hymns are sung, and the most interesting incidents of faith-promoting stories in their missionary career are related. As the time is limited, the speakers are allotted ten minutes. Scores of elders are present, also several of the lady missionaries, and occupy the stand and choir seats. Many, through carelessness, had grown cold, but like the prodigal son were given a hearty welcome. Two members, who a few years ago were active workers, had wandered from the fold, but our elders, like true shepherds, by words of love and gentle persuasion, induced the stray lambs to attend the meeting, and one of them once more bore his testimony of the goodness of God and related some missionary experiences that had happened to him while preaching the gospel in a foreign land. Tears of joy trickled down his cheeks.

"We were informed by the stake clerk, the night that the series of meetings were held, that all records for attendance were broken."

Elder Tracy was all attention:

"This winter a new method will be tried, which has already been sanctioned by the stake presidency, and by unanimous vote of the bishops of the various wards in the stake. Instead of having a series of meetings on the same night, they will be held in one ward after another, giving the elders an opportunity to visit the neighboring wards and assist in holding rousing meetings that will always remain a red-letter evening in the history of the ward. It is estimated that over one hundred returned missionaries will be present, and each one has promised to bring at least six of his non-'Mormon' friends. You may judge for yourself the grand work that will be accomplished when the principles of truth are explained to the audience and the good old gospel hymns are sung by over a hundred elders, such as, 'Come all ye sons of God who have received the priesthood,' 'Ye elders of Israel,' 'The Spirit of God like a fire is burning.' Your mind

will be taken right back to the time when you were attending a large conference in a foreign land."

The Jonathan of the mission field drew closer to David, as the latter murmured, while his voice choked with emotion, "Go on!"

"Our time is not so precious," said Elder James. "Let us take a seat under the shade of the old cherry tree, and chat over a few tender memories of the past. Two pure-minded youths in our ward will leave home and loved ones to preach the gospel to strangers in a strange land. Tomorrow night will be their 'Farewell,' and though I may have to drive over twenty miles it is a pleasure to swell the throng that gathers to honor our young stalwarts who go out in the world to teach the people the better way, to lead a better life." After partaking of some cherries that tasted delicious, they took a seat on an old rustic bench while Elder James continued:

"Thousands of our young men and women have for the time parted from the sacred home ties to proclaim to the people of the world that the gospel of Jesus Christ, as taught by Him and His apostles, is once more restored to earth in all its fulness. They proclaim the beauties of the gospel truths on the streets, in the cottages, by the fireside, in their daily walks and talks of life. They state in plain words that God meant what he said, when he called the great conference and said, 'Let us make man in our own image, after our own likeness.'

"'Mormonism' teaches us that 'the glory of God is intelligence,' and by acquiring knowledge, which properly applied is power, we can follow in his footsteps and go on to perfection. The first principles of the gospel are so simple that it seems a child can know and understand what those noble young men are teaching without price or hope of reward in this world. It is to have faith in our heavenly Father and keep his commandments, to truly repent of our sins and be forgiven, as was promised in the days of Noah and other dispensations, to go down in the water and be baptized by immersion as the Savior set the example, under the hand of John the Baptist, to have the imposition of hands by those having authority and to receive the gift of the Holy Ghost, the Comforter, promised by the Savior to his apostles.

"Then, if we are faithful and live up to our covenants, the sublime things of eternity will gradually unfold to our view, and we will exclaim, while our hearts thrill with rapture, 'Why did we not understand these things before?' Missionary work is the grand school of experience that brings forth the blessings of heaven.

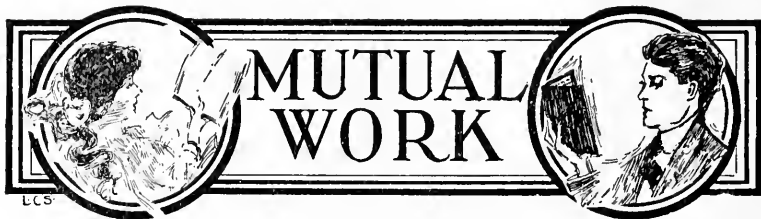
"It is a joy to know that God lives, and that He not only hears but answers our prayers. We should try and live so that we can in humble simplicity acknowledge his hand in all things. Missionary life gradually unfolds to our view 'the rays of living light.' It makes the darkness of despair bright, it teaches us to have patience, and aids us in being prayerful and humble.

"Let us all do our best in the noble work of saving souls, whether at home or abroad, then we can cheerfully, with a clean conscience, leave the result of our labors with the Lord."

The elder arose, and, after a hearty clasp of his friend's hand, resumed his journey, while he that remained simply said, "Elder, if it were fifty miles to our lodge, I could walk with you there tonight."

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Missionary meetings will be held in the Thirty-Third ward, Salt Lake City; on March 11, and in LeGrande ward on March 18, and in other wards on dates to follow.



## Stake Work

### A Live Ward in Summit Stake

*The Summit Self- Starter* is a creditable local paper published by the Mutuals of the Summit stake. The issue for February 1, 1917, contains the efficiency report of the sixteen wards of that stake. While a number of the wards show splendid work, Oakley stands in the lead with a perfect record in all the activities, scoring also 390 points in special activities, and being efficient in all the other activities. The president of that ward, A. F. Richards, in explaining to the superintendent "how we got 100 per cent in efficiency" says among other things:

"We asked ourselves the question, 'Is Efficiency valuable?' In answer to the question, we have used our best judgment in the selection of officers backed by the bishop and united our best efforts to meet the requirements of the General Boards.

"At the beginning of the season's work a meeting was called by the M. I. A. officers and resolutions were formed. All officers were determined to make ours the successful organization. 'In Unity There is Strength.'

"The following committees were appointed:

"An enlistment committee who, through faithful efforts, gained a good membership for the association, and, through the devoted interest of the class instructors, also the program committee, a good attendance has been maintained.

"Special activity work has become so interesting that a second set of reading course books was necessary early in the season's work, to meet the demands of the interested readers.

"Much credit is also due the members who have so willingly responded to the call made of them by the program committee.

"The dramatic committee, without delay, set forth to accomplish their desires, and were successful in putting two interesting plays before the public which proved a success and were very entertaining.

"Scout work is a leading feature with the boys of Oakley ward which has been in progress for more than a year. New applications are coming in quite frequently for the Tenderfoot examination, and those holding certificates of a Tenderfoot class are working hard to reach a higher rank in Scoutcraft. Weekly meetings are held and supervised by those commissioned to act by the National Organization of America.

"We find the *Era* work very interesting, if soliciting for subscribers is begun early in September when the people have their summer's earnings coming in. As the *Era* is regarded as the leading Church publication, they are anxious to have it in their homes to read during the long winter nights.

"The Annual Fund is easily obtained if a lively and spicy entertainment is given for that purpose.

"The Counselor on vocations and industries is very busy along that line of work, watching his organization of boys, for we feel that he is interested in the welfare of the boys growing up to manhood. We sincerely believe he will be the means of guiding many of the boys into life's business which they are adapted for.



"There are still opportunities confronting us for greater success in Mutual work. The success attained is due to promptness and faithful attendance at ward officers' meetings. Our motto is:

"Never Weary in Well Doing."

### Record for the "Era"

Bishop J. H. Miller of Holbrook, Arizona, calling attention to the splendid record of the *Era* for volume 19, last year, in Glenwoodville, Alberta, Canada, namely 48 subscribers out of 279 population, or about 17 per cent, points to the fact that the Holbrook ward of the Snowflake stake has only 85 members, and that for volume 20 they have 22 subscriptions sent in by Brother L. M. Monson, and three subscriptions forwarded by subscribers themselves, making 25 in all, or 29 per cent of the population who are subscribers to the *Era*. We congratulate Brother Monson, our agent there, on his untiring efforts for this very enviable record in obtaining subscriptions for the *Era*. Brother Monson will hold the championship until some other agent can show a better record for Vol. 20.

## Special Activities

### *Stake Pennant Contest*

Check on the stake and church pennant contest this month. Church pennant blanks will be furnished for the stakes to report upon in due time.

Please remember that in reporting for the stake pennant the General Board desires that the stake shall report the total for each of the activities for October, November, December, January, February, March and April 1, in order to show the number of points scored by all the stakes on each of these activities for the year. Some of the stakes last year reported only the total scores. This year we desire a segregated report from each stake. In order to do this each ward must report the totals of each activity so that these may be added up to make the grand total for the stake. Stake report blanks will be furnished to the stake officers in time for the report to be made before the 25th of May, at which date every report should be in the hands of the General Secretary. You can see the need of the stake officers checking up the wards now, so that they may make proper reports to the stake officers on the blanks which are already furnished them for the stake pennant contest.

### *Public Speaking Contests*

Superintendents will please immediately set definite dates for the ward, stake district, stake and church district meets, for senior public speaking contests, as per the convention folder and the *Hand Book*, page 92.

Call attention to the fact that the name of the winner of the church district public speaking contest is to be forwarded, with his manuscript, no later than May 25, to the General Secretary Y. M. M. I. A. Set your date for receiving all data from the wards.

### *Summer Work*

What are you going to do for the summer? You should have a summer vacation program, and it is suggested that you take up some special activity in your stake for the membership to take part in during the summer months. Among these have been suggested the following: co-operation with the Church schools and other organizations for chautauquas; baseball leagues; reading course classes; interchangeable programs; biographical or other book studies, readings, etc.

Please, also, consider how to hold your associations together during the summer months. In this connection the closing meeting instructions should be followed, as found on page 17, in the *Y. M. M. I. A. Hand Book*, in order that the associations during the summer may have a thorough organization.

Superintendents should take stock now of the whole situation of the Y. M. M. I. A. work for the season. All activities should be rounded up, secretaries checked up, and arrangements made and instructions given for the annual reports, and for further summer activities. All information should be gathered and in hand before the young men and officers begin to scatter, at the approach of the close of the season. Please have no excuses for failure to report.

### M. I. A. Reading Contests in Denver

A very successful evening was enjoyed on January 30, under the auspices of the Mutual Improvement Associations of Denver, Colorado, under the direction of Marie Pitschke, president of the Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Association of the Western States Mission. It was a reading contest held in the mission auditorium, over one hundred people being present. There were readings from the junior girls and boys, the first division being humorous and the second division serious. In the first division Inez Geisking read, "Maggie at the Beauty Parlors," and Lester J. Herrick, "What William Henry Did Next," an escapade of a mischievous boy. In the serious readings Lella Hensley read "Snakes, the Soldier;" and Howard Christenbury, "The Letter from the Man Without a Country."

Then followed two musical selections from the junior choruses "Rejoice, O Bethlehem," by the girls; and "My Kentucky Babe," by the boys, six in each chorus, the girls being Lucile Call, Inez Geisking, Arlene Mortensen, Dora Smith, Lella Hensley, May Vivian; and the boys, Barlow Call, Howard Christenbury, Lester Stillman, Lester J. Herrick, Forest Lowen, and Norman Robinson. Readings, humorous and serious, were then given by the senior girls and boys. The first humorous reading was by Syvil Smith, "Aunt Melissa Raves on Boys," and "Pro and Con" by Angus Mortensen of the senior young men. The serious readings followed, Mary Call with, "The Man who Opened Eyes," a story of a blind boy's faith in the power of Christ and the resurrection. Howard Sabin gave "An Old Sweetheart of Mine." Elder Benjamin Goddard of the Bureau of Information, Salt Lake City, spoke for a short time expressing his interest in the association, and congratulating the members on the success of the evening. Mission President John L. Herrick gave some encouraging suggestions both to the officers and the members. We congratulate the young people of Denver upon having an organization of this character.

## Class Study

### *Planning Lessons*

In a recent meeting of the class-leaders of the Salt Lake City and Cottonwood stakes Dr. George H. Brimhall, advised teachers always to plan their lessons. Since such a course would make it much easier for a teacher, and he would thus have a definite end or aim in view. Among the requirements or steps for such a plan he named the following:

1. Name the main topic of the lesson, preferably by problem or question.
2. List the materials that you need for an intelligent presentation of the lesson, for example: the manual, illustrative stories, confirming evidences.
3. Selection specific or leading aim for the evening out of the topics

in the lesson, and impress its value upon the student during the lesson.

4. In the presentation of the lesson lead up to the aim by asking pertinent questions and discussing them.

5. Make the application. In this division the stories should be given, and illustrations of the subject in the form of personal experiences should be presented by the teacher, and required also from the class.

6. Assign the new lesson, and in so doing state its leading problem.

### Efficiency Report

Stake and ward officers are asked to inspect the efficiency report for January, 1917, opposite page 472. How does your stake show up? Some superintendents complain that ward presidents do not report. We can only say that a president who does not do so is either indifferent or grossly neglectful of his duty; and we feel the same about stake officers. The report is so simple that the ward secretary need only spend five minutes in making it out, and the compilation by the stake secretary is a matter of small moment. Wake up, brethren, and give us a full report from every stake for February, by the dates required.

### Books

*Thoughts on Business*, a book by Waldo P. Warren, Forbes & Company, 433 South Dearborn Street, Chicago, formerly published in two volumes, but now condensed into one, 260 pages, each with a business thought well developed and well worth while.

"Starting Points" is a special topic in the contents, under which there are the following sub-headings: "What is Success," "The Greatest Business Maxim," "Be a Man First," "Looking Ahead," "Opportunities That Wait," "Where the Trouble Lies," "How to Acquire Tact." Among other general subjects in the contents, each with many subdivisions, are: "Self Improvement," "About Methods," "Buying and Selling," "Types of Men," "Policies," "Observation," "Byproducts," and many others. Under each one of these are a large number of subdivisions, one on a page, and each designed to stimulate and develop thought and action by both workman and proprietor. The book is especially valuable for young men starting out in business life.

From one of the pages, the following is quoted:

"What is success? The definition of success is undergoing a change. The publicity given to the methods and practices of many men of wealth and business control has done much to arouse the better nature in every man to question the validity of such success. The ridiculous utterances of certain specialists, whose devotion to a theory has warped their common sense, have made plain to the practical man that specialism may become the reduction to absurdity. The man who thinks so much about his business that he cares nothing about literature is also losing cast. And the man who is so deeply schooled in the theoretical side of life that he has no practical point of contact with the world may also be regarded as out of the race for true success.

"By their observation of extreme types men are being forced to the conclusion that moderation in all things is essential to a true judgment of all things; and that ideal life is the well-rounded life, with broad views, broad culture, broad sympathies, and broad purposes for good—the ability to separate the good from the bad in all lines of thought and activity. In this broader view business loses rank as an end, and becomes a means to an end—a means for making a livelihood, a field of wholesome activity, and a school for the development of character and mental vigor."

## PASSING EVENTS

"*Utah, We Love Thee*," by Professor Evan Stephens has been adopted by the legislature as the official song for the state of Utah. It is about twenty-one years ago since Utah entered the Union of states, and this song was sung on that occasion and has now been adopted as the official song of the state.

A. L. Hartley, well known as the president of "The Church of Christ," an organization that controls what is known as the temple lot, at Independence, Missouri, died at his home there on January 28. His funeral was held January 30. The community which owns the lot is said to be few in number, but it was expected that a new president will be chosen.

*Indiana will go dry*, on April 2, 1918. On February 9, 1917, Governor James P. Goodrich signed the state-wide prohibition bill making Indiana dry on the first-named date. The law prohibits the sale, manufacture, giving away, or advertising, of all alcoholic liquors, except pure grain alcohol for chemical and medical purposes, and wine for sacramental uses.

"*The Railroad Red Book*," a monthly publication of the Rio Grande railway comes to hand for January 1st filled with interesting information concerning the resources of Utah, Colorado and New Mexico. From its stories, by reliable citizens in various sections of these states, the year 1916 was most prosperous for the intermountain west. Little of this prosperity was due to the European war.

Count J. H. von Bernstorff, former German ambassador to the United States sailed for his home in Germany from Hoboken, New Jersey, on the Scandinavian-American liner *Frederick VIII*. With him was the Countess von Bernstorff, who is an American, and nearly two hundred German diplomatic and consular officials. His departure completes the severance of diplomatic relations between the United States and Germany.

*Wyoming will vote in 1918 on a constitutional amendment providing for prohibition*. On January 17, at Cheyenne, the senate of the legislature concurred in the house amendments to a bill providing for such submission to the voters of the state. When Governor J. B. Kendrick signed the bill his wife is said to have given him a kiss in public as a reward for his action. The news telegrams vouch for the pleasing incident, beautifully typical of the sentiment of the women of that state on the liquor question.

*The Young state-wide prohibition bill to take effect August 1, 1917*, was signed by Governor Simon Bamberger, of Utah, at 4:56 o'clock Thursday, February 8. The enforcement of the prohibition bill is to be in the hands of the governor instead of a commissioner as at first proposed. The governor expressed himself as being satisfied with the bill except in one particular which is that the bill does not provide a good definition of intoxicating liquors according to his understanding. He has already set to work to advise officers on how to make the law effective. Copies of the bill will be extensively distributed among officers for educational purposes.

*The rural post roads in Utah* will receive \$113,900; in Idaho, \$120,927; Wyoming, \$122,393; Oregon, \$157,374; and Arizona, \$137,027, for improvement for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1918. Ten million dollars have been appropriated by Congress to aid the states in the construction of rural post roads, and this amount has been given to these western states from the second annual distribution, in accordance with the federal aid road law. For the fiscal year of 1919, fifteen millions; and for 1920, twenty millions; and 1921, twenty-five millions, have been apportioned from the national funds from which, of course, Utah and the other states named will receive their share in the years to come.

*The eldest son of R. Savage*, of Glenwoodville, Alta., Canada, so we learn from Mr. Savage, was drowned on December 21 when two torpedo-boat destroyers were lost in a collision in the North Sea. The disaster resulted in the loss of six officers and forty-nine men. Writing from Canada, January 19, to the *Improvement Era*, Mr. Savage states that he has the sad news from England that his oldest son was drowned in this collision. He adds, "My heart throbs with sorrow, but I feel a satisfaction that the boy was not murdering Germans nor being torn to pieces by them." We extend to our friend and his family in the north our sincere sympathy in the bereavement which has befallen them. They have three other sons in the great war.

*George Halls*, a pioneer of Mancos, Colorado, and a former resident of Huntsville, Utah, where he engaged in school teaching, died at his home in Mancos, January 3, 1917, and was buried on the 5th of January. His brother William Halls is also a resident of Mancos. George leaves two adopted children, and his wife, Mary M. Hammond, daughter of the late Francis A. Hammond, well known as a missionary to the Sandwich Islands, pioneer of Utah, particularly the southeastern part, and former bishop of Huntsville. George Halls was a pioneer of Mancos and Southern Utah, and aided in the early eighties in building the Rio Grande railway near Durango. He was a staunch worker in the Church, and had held many civil offices in Mancos. He was the first bishop of Mancos ward, which position he occupied for twenty-five years. He was born Oct. 18, 1846, in England, and came to Utah in 1862, settling in Huntsville.

*James G. McDonald*, who has served sixteen consecutive years as a member of the Board of the Utah State Fair Association, resigned as president, January 20, 1917, on account of ill health. His service on this board is the longest continuous service on record. He was appointed by Governor Heber M. Wells, when the state fair occupied the old Tenth ward square. During the greater portion of this time he has acted as president and served as supervisor of buildings and grounds. One of his last actions was to urge the change of the time for holding the fair to an earlier date, on account of the prevalent bad weather in early October which has been a retarding feature of the attendance at the fair for years past. The dates are now fixed one week earlier than heretofore.

*Christen Carl Christensen* died, Nov. 21, 1916, in Provo, Utah. He was born thirty-six years ago in Denmark and came to Utah as a small boy. A faithful Church worker, he filled many positions in the priesthood, Sunday school and M. I. A. He was one of the presidency of the Eighteenth Quorum of elders, Pioneer ward, Utah stake, at the time of his death. For nearly twenty years he had been a subscriber for the *Improvement Era*, having all the volumes bound in a collection which he prized very highly. The quorum to which he belonged passed resolutions of condolence to his family on January 14, in which they called attention to his "fidelity to duty, his thrift, his ability as a class leader, his sincerity of purpose, his

courage, honesty, and truthfulness, and to the useful and beautiful life which he lived."—*Andrew Hartley*.

*The Submarine raid.* *California*, a British passenger steamer of the Anchor Line, bound from New York to Glasgow was torpedoed Wednesday, February 7, at 9 o'clock, off the Irish coast, and sank in nine minutes, with a loss of forty-one lives. No Americans were lost. The ship carried a single 4.7 gun mounted on the stern.

Calvin Ray, a son of Raymond Ray and a grandson of Attorney J. E. Ray of Salt Lake, born at Fillmore about seventeen years ago, was fireman on the British ship *Turino*, which was sunk by a German submarine on the 7th. He was rescued, but an American negro fireman was killed. Since February 1, when the German submarine raid went into effect as high as fifteen ships a day have fallen prey to submarines.

*Alaska is asking for prohibition.* It will be remembered that Alaska voted dry on November 7 last by a majority of more than two to one in her four judicial divisions. More than eight thousand voters, out of approximately twelve thousand, recently signed their names to a gigantic petition against alcohol. This petition asked that Alaska territory be made dry after January 1, 1918. Dr. Aline Bradley, legislative superintendent of the fourth division of Fairbanks, Alaska, in a recent letter to one of the United States senators stated that, "There is no good reason, however, why Alaska should wait for the memorial from her fourth territorial legislature before securing the passage of a bill by Congress prohibiting the sale, manufacture and importation of alcoholic beverages into Alaska." He then begs the senator's earnest consideration for the passage of a prohibition bill for Alaska during the present session of Congress. Since the above was written the Alaska bill has passed both houses of Congress.

*The Mexican Punitive Expedition*, under General Pershing, retired from Colonia Dublan early in February and ten thousand soldiers returned direct to Columbus, New Mexico. Many of the "Mormon" settlers of Juarez and Dublan followed them out, but a number remained in their old homes. The "Mormon" refugees have settled in Deming, New Mexico, where they will found a colony. Many Mexicans also followed the expedition out of Mexico, and are finding work on railroads and ranches in the southwest. On February 9, Villa and his bands, under Salazar, occupied Colonia Juarez. Another Villa band under Rodrigo and Silvestre Quedo, took possession of Colonia Dublan, former headquarters of the American Punitive Expedition, in which there still remain many "Mormon" settlers. General Pershing's troops, within three days after their arrival in Columbus, were on their way to quarters in Fort Apache and Fort Huachuca, in Arizona, and Fort Bliss and Eagle Pass, Texas.

On Monday 12th, Mexican bandits crossed the United States border and raided the Corner ranch, sixty miles southwest of Hachita, N. M. They carried three men into Mexico—Andrew P. Peterson, Hugh Acord and Burton Jensen, and later killed them, the badly mutilated bodies being found on Feb. 15, by "Mormon" scout, Lem Spillsbury, and his companions. U. S. Troops left on the same evening for the Corner ranch section, and Gen. Funston has ordered the border patrols strengthened.

*Admiral George Dewey*, hero of Manila bay, was honored in the Senate of the United States when President Wilson formally announced that the admiral had died on the 16th of January. Senator Tillman introduced a resolution expressing the profound grief of the Senate, and in his introduction to the resolution said:

"Admiral Dewey's spirit was the spirit of John Paul Jones, of Stephen Decatur, of James Lawrence, of Oliver Hazard Perry, of David Farragut. He upheld and illustrated the traditions which these men and others like them established. He knew no fear. His first thought always was the Navy and his duty to it, as was his last thought. John Paul Jones, with his ship sinking under, replied, in answer to a summons to surrender, 'I have not yet begun to fight'; Perry's message after his famous victory was 'We have met the enemy and they are ours'; James Lawrence, mortally wounded, shouted with his last breath, 'Don't give up the ship'; Farragut, sailing into Mobile Bay, which was said to be filled with torpedoes, said, 'Damn the torpedoes; go ahead'; and Dewey, entering Manila Bay, with mines and torpedoes under him and shore batteries and enemy ships firing on him, uttered not a word until he gave the famous order, clearly and quietly, as if he were talking of another matter, 'You may fire when you are ready, Gridley.'"

*The Great Peace Proposal.* President Woodrow Wilson appeared before the Senate of the United States on Monday, January 22, and made an address on world peace before that body. For a hundred years past no president, since Thomas Jefferson, has orally addressed a message to a single branch of Congress. His reason for doing this he said was that to the Senate is equally committed with the President the constitutional duty of considering foreign affairs. The main points of the now famous speech are summarized in the *Outlook* as follows:

"The United States must and will have a voice in determining and arranging the world peace which will follow the European war.

"The American Government will not interfere with the terms upon which the present war is settled, but it will have something to say about future arrangements for the guarantee of international justice and good order.

"As an individual and as a 'person in high authority,' speaking for 'liberals and friends of humanity in every nation,' the President drew a distinction between immediate peace and permanent peace.

"A permanent world peace must be 'a peace without victory.'

"It must be a peace between equals.

"It must be based upon the principle that governments derive all their just powers from the consent of the governed.

"As a concrete example, 'there should be a united, independent, and autonomous Poland.'

"Great peoples 'should be assured a direct outlet to the great highways of the sea.'

"The freedom of the seas must be assured.

"Naval armaments must be limited, and the navies of a peace league must keep the seas at once 'free and safe.'

"Armaments on land and all programs of military preparations must be limited.

"The principles of the Monroe Doctrine must no longer be confined to America, but must be made world-wide. That Doctrine the President thus defines: 'No nation should seek to extend its policy over any other nation or people, but every people should be left free to determine its own policy, its own way of development, unhindered, unthreatened, and unafraid, the little along with the great and powerful.'

"The President concluded by saying that the foregoing are American principles and are also the principles and policies 'of forward-looking men and women everywhere.' 'They are the principles of mankind and must prevail.'"

The message is elevated and eloquent in tone, and was received with varying sentiments at home and abroad. The chief criticism abroad was against its utterance that the peace to come should not be a victor's peace. In England and France public sentiment is strong in the belief that complete victory for the Allies is essential to a peace that shall be permanent.

*Diplomatic relations between the United States and Germany severed.* Shortly after President Wilson had delivered his peace message to the Senate, Germany announced in a note on January 31, as if in answer thereto, a campaign of ruthless submarine warfare against neutral as well as belligerent ships. President Wilson in his message to Congress on February 3 announced, that since the United States government had declared, after the sinking of the *Sussex*, that it would break off diplomatic relations with Germany unless she abandoned her methods of submarine warfare, there was now nothing else for this country to do, consistent with its dignity and honor, than to sever diplomatic relations with Germany, which was accordingly done and Count von Bernstorff was handed his passports. Ambassador Gerard was recalled. The German note which precipitated the crisis was handed to the secretary of state on January 31, and announced Germany's new purpose in these words: "After the attempts to come to an understanding with the Entente Powers have been answered by the latter with an announcement of an intensified continuation of the war, the Imperial Government, in order to serve the welfare of mankind in a high sense and not to wrong its own people, is now compelled to continue the fight for existence again forced upon it with the full employment of all the weapons which are at its disposal. \* \* \* Germany will meet the illegal measures of her enemies by forcibly preventing, after February 1, 1917, in the zone around Great Britain, France, Italy and in the eastern Mediterranean, all navigation, that of neutrals included, from and to England and from and to France. All ships met within that zone will be sunk. The Imperial Government is confident that this measure will result in a speedy termination of the war, and in the restoration of peace which the United States has so much at heart."

This German blockade which ended friendly relations with the United States applies to the Mediterranean with the exception of waters bounding the Spanish coast, and a safety zone extending along the African coast and thence to Greece. The German proposal graciously permits one American passenger steamer a week to sail for England without being sunk on sight.

The interests of the United States in Germany have been turned over to Spain while those of Germany in the United States are now handled by the Swiss ambassador. Switzerland, and Holland have declined the invitation of President Wilson to join the United States in the diplomatic break. It is hoped, not only by the President but by the people of the United States generally, that the severance of diplomatic relations will not result in a declaration of war, although that is what generally follows, and in this country every preparation appears to be making for such a result. Up to and including the 13th of February 91 ships, with a tonnage of over 200,000, were sunk by German submarines. Sweden, Norway and Denmark have protested against the German naval measures, as being against international law.

*Emilie D. Maeser*, wife of the late Dr. Karl G. Maeser, died in Forest Dale, Feb. 7, 1917. She was born in Lubeck, Germany, Nov. 18, 1853, and came to Utah in 1873. She was a great lover of music, and for a number of years was organist of the Temple choir, and a faithful and energetic Church worker. Her only daughter, Anna Maeser, died Nov. 19, 1899.



# General Efficiency Report of Y. M. M. I. A. for January, 1917

STAKES	Member- ship	Average Attend- ance	Special Activities	Scout Work	Social Work	ERA	Fund	Vocations and Industries	Stake Board Meetings	Ward Officers' Meetings
Alberta		10	10		10	10			10	
Alpine										
Bannock										
Bear Lake										
Bear River	10		10	10					10	
Beaver		10	10		10				10	10
Benson										
Big Horn	10		10		10	10		10	10	10
Bingham			10	10	10			10	10	
Blackfoot			10		10			10	10	
Boise										
Box Elder			10		10				10	
Cache			10	10	10			10	10	10
Carbon										
Cassia	10		10		10				10	10
Cottonwood										
Curlew									10	
Davis North										
Davis South				10	10				10	10
Deseret			10	10					10	
Duchesne										
Emery										
Ensign			10	10	10			10	10	10
Fremont										
Granite			10	10	10				10	10
Hyrum			10		10				10	
Jordan			10	10				10	10	10
Juab										
Kanab			10	10	10			10		10
Liberty		10	10	10	10				10	10
Malad										
Maricopa										
Millard	10	10	10		10				10	10
Moapa										
Morgan										
Nebo			10	10	10				10	
North Sanpete		10		10	10					10
North Weber			10		10				10	10
Ogden			10			10		10	10	10
Oneida			10			10			10	10
Panguitch										
Parowan										
Pioneer			10		10				10	10
Pocatello										
Portneuf										
Raft River			10		10	10	10		10	10
Rigby										
Salt Lake			10	10	10			10	10	10
St. George										
St. Johns										
St. Joseph										
San Juan		10						10		
San Luis										
Sevier										
Shelley			10	10	10				10	
Snowflake									10	
South Sanpete										
Star Valley										
Summit										
Taylor										
Teton										
Tooele										
Uintah										
Union	10	10	10	10	10	10		10		10
Utah			10	10				10	10	
Wasatch	10	10	10	10	10				10	10
Wayne	10	10	10						10	10
Weber		10	10		10				10	10
Woodruff										
Yellowstone		10	10		10			10	10	10
Young										

A stake report should be sent to the Secretary of the General Board, 21 Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City, Utah, by the 10th of each month, to be published monthly in the ERA. When the report shows that the requirements in General Efficiency have been reached, it is indicated by placing 10 in the proper space. When stakes are below in General Efficiency requirements, it is indicated by a blank. (See IMPROVEMENT ERA, August, 1916, for regulations.)

THE NATIONAL EDUCATION ASSOCIATION has decided upon a county contest on Thrift. Each county in the United States under the direction of the county superintendent of schools will determine the writer of the best essay on the subject of Thrift to whom a medal will be awarded. Cash prizes will also be awarded, under certain regulations, to winners in essay writing on this subject who are high school and grade school pupils. All of the writings, to be recognized, must come through the county superintendent of schools. Details concerning the essays may be obtained by communicating with Durand W. Springer, Secretary, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

**STORIES FOR FEBRUARY.**—The *Improvement Era* received as a reply to its request for stories for the February 5 contest twenty-eight manuscripts. As soon as these are read and decided upon two of the stories will be selected and the authors will receive information relating to the selection as soon as the report is made. The unavailable stories will be returned to the writers. A new contest will be held on March 5 for which we solicit manuscripts.

**THE FOREST DALE FAMILY CIRCLE** is the name of a ward paper which comes to the desk of the editor of the *Era* and which represents the Forest Dale ward, Granite stake. It is published by the M. I. A., and is designed to announce the meetings, amusements and activities of the ward and its organizations. The Forest Dale ward is said to be the largest ward in the Church having a population of 2,344 souls. The first number of the paper has six pages full of interesting articles and announcements.

## Improvement Era, March, 1917

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Joseph F. Smith,	{	<i>Editors</i>	Heber J. Grant, <i>Business Manager</i>
Edward H. Anderson,			Moroni Snow, <i>Assistant</i>

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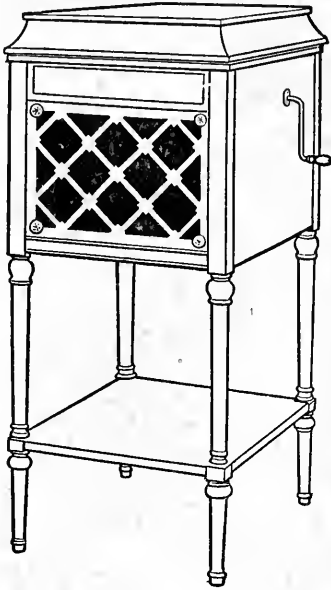
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